

# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

## FEBRUARY

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Longest in World.

### Charles Dickens

Haunts Which Mark Centennial of England's Great Novelist.

### The Oyster Trust

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## Dickens Revisited

By

H. G. Wade

*The month of February will witness the celebration of the centennial of Charles Dickens. With the observance of the anniversary will come a renewed interest in the life and work of the great novelist. Of the numerous features which present themselves for treatment in this connection one must impress the casual reader for its novelty—the interest which still attaches to places and things of which Dickens wrote. In this article a brief sketch along this line of treatment is given, the illustrations being drawn largely from scenes and places with which lovers of "David Copperfield" will be familiar.*

I WAS never a lover of places, or things; but of men. Though in my first visit to London I had quarters—inexpensive quarters—only a stone's throw from the British Museum, I did not once in that first five weeks thrust my head between the portals. It is heresy, I know. I know that my friends thought me "eccentric" when I admitted having neglected seeing Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, and I was compelled to disguise the fact that I had even failed to see the Tower of London. They would have not understood if I had said that I preferred men to places, so I compromised Truth and said that I had seen the Tower—but, which I did not add, from a distance.

Since then I have drawn a distinction between places which I do not like and

places which I find interesting. I find some places that are invested with the charm of one man's character, like the rooms which were frequented by Johnson, or the chambers which some other great man once honored by his presence. But the chambers once occupied by such and such a King or a Queen, once used as a salon by somebody's fascinating mistress—such places are hollow.

PLACES "WORTH WHILE."

Dickens has done a great work for the traveller in England. He has attached interests to places and things which would without him have been dull and dry. Of course, perhaps his greatest work lay in his making certain social conditions and certain classes of people so interesting to



"Wished his uncle was there to see him."

Drawn by H. T. Denison.

See "Smoke Believer," page 351.

the un-inquiring English public that their apathy was replaced by an interest which soon removed many of the abuses of which Dickens wrote. But the abuses having passed there remain places which the great novelist has made intensely worth while

an added interest because of the Old Curiosity Shop, and the streets, crooked and straight, through which scores of the famous novelist's characters have passed in happiness or sadness, quickly and in anxiety, or slowly in happy contemplation of the



Blunderstone Church Parish, showing the Roudal mentioned in David Copperfield.

visiting because of the characters he has placed in them and scenes he has staged therein. Down in the United States are the places which Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley knew. London, itself, has

future or sad recollection of the past. The very pawnshops of London have a new interest when one recalls a Dickens's character pawning his watch over the counter. And after London, come the inns, the

country lanes, and the places wherein Dickens made his men and women rest, or walk, or have their habitation.

#### SOME COPPERFIELD SCENES.

David Copperfield might have been illustrated with photographs—the very pho-

toes of David Copperfield's life and for the dozen other comedies and tragedies which pass through Copperfield's experience, were many of them real, as the accompanying illustrations show.

It was another Canadian visiting in London, who led me to visit these places.



Charles Dickens in 1852.

tographs which accompany this article—except, perhaps, for the facts that the picture of Blunderstone Vicarage might have led to libel suits, and that of the graveyard might have caused too many visitors to that quiet place. Nevertheless, the scenes which Dickens chose for the enet-

He has been a perfunctory reader of Dickens' works, or rather, being very well read, he had included, of course, Dickens' works. He had appraised Dickens in a sort of technical way, comparing his style with this man and that, and criticizing the delineation of the characters and the



The "Vicarage," Blunderstone, which the novelist christened "The Rookery," and made it the home of David Copperfield.

building of the various plots according to general literary standard. His appreciation of Dickens was by measurement.

But he came one day to the boarding place and said: "What are you doing to-morrow and next day?"

I told him—it was nothing important.

"Then come with me," he said, "and I'll teach you to appreciate Dickens. I have been appreciating Dickens by a sort of estimating process. Now I've learned to feel Dickens. If you come I'll show you how."

So I went down into Suffolk.

He showed first, Blundersome Rookery.

In reality, this was formerly Blunderstone Vicarage, but the novelist, for some whim of his own, had called it the Rookery. Looking at it from the outside one could not refrain from thinking how well the old place concealed its memories. Knowing the story of David Copperfield one might have imagined that perhaps the house would show a little, give some sign that it indeed was the real Rookery. But for that confirmation one could apply only to local history and to the book itself. When I saw it, a peaceful family with no apparent tragedy in their life, inhabited

it. A dog lay on the lawn and the flowers, nodding under the windows, bloomed in utter indifference to what might have been or might still occur within the nearby portals. The roof was of tile. Four ugly windows occupied the upper story in the front. There were trees behind and chimneys on top.

#### AND CHARACTERS TOO.

This was at noon. But I saw the place a second time, in the dusk. The view was better. In the dusk one's imagination is less timid: one can picture things better. From that solid door one might imagine Betsy Trotwood emerging, stiff-necked, nose in air; or the gentle mother of David, a delicate creature, shy and lacking in aggression; or that solid shadow might have been Peggotty; or, since it was a dark shadow, Murdstone or Jane, the stepfather's sister who used to score off the remaining days of little David's holidays in order that she might know how close to the end of the time she was. There was a sadness about the place as one looked at it in the evening as though, perhaps, the ghosts of old times dared return only late at night for fear of interruption in the



Miss Betsey Trotwood's Pleasant Cottage Blunderstone

day-time. There, in the parlor is where "One Sunday night my mother reads to Peggotty and me . . . how Lazarus was raised up from the dead. And I am so frightened that they are afterwards obliged to take me out of bed and show me the quiet churchyard out of the bedroom window, with the dead all lying in their graves at rest, below the solemn moon."

It required no imagination to see "Davy" Copperfield, or rather "Charles Dickens" written over everything pertaining to the Blunderstone Church and that Churchyard. "There is nothing so green," says Davy, "that I know of anywhere as the grass of that Churchyard; nothing half so shady as its trees; nothing half so quiet as its tombstones. The sheep are feeding there, when I kneel up, early in the morning, in my little bed in a closet within my mother's room, to look out at it, and I see the red light shining on the sun-dial, and think within myself 'Is the sun-dial glad, I wonder, that it can tell the time again?'"

And indeed, one morning, being abroad very early in order to eke out the short time that was left to us in the place, we saw the sun-dial as Dickens has mention-

ed it—red. The sun was just lifting his head over the rim of the earth with a round, red, surprised look on his face as though he said to himself, "what, Earth! You still here," and his first rays, falling across the pleasant country, fell upon the sun-dial and made it crimson for a time. One could imagine the little child in his bed asking of himself the question Dickens puts in the mouth of Davy Copperfield, but one cannot imagine any author thinking of such a question unless he had been the very boy and had seen the very dial and asked that very question from that very closet-bed.

#### THE BLUNDERSTONE CHURCH.

We examined the church both without and within. Without, it was a modest little edifice of peaceful demeanor and a somewhat melancholy air. It rose up from among its grave-stones as though it were the chief grave-stone of them all, as though it were the leader of the grave-stones and stood, facing Heaven, waiting for the Resurrection signal. Ivy swathed it up to the eaves, trailing tenderly out over the projecting doorway—that over which was the sun-dial—and trying to

climb up over the stone point over the door.

"Here," narrates David Copperfield, describing his earliest observations as a child, "is our pew in Church. What a

Peggotty's eye wanders, -be is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at him. . . . I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of



Handsworth Church, showing the door through which David Copperfield saw the stray sheep.

high-backed pew! With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen and is seen many times during the morning service, by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though

his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire. . . . and what am I to do? It's a dreadful thing to gape, but I must do something. I look at my mother, but she pretends not to see me. I look at a boy in the

aisle and he makes faces at me. I look at the sun-light coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep—I don't mean a sinner, but mutton—half making up his mind to come

think of Mr. Bodgers, late of this parish and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when affliction sore, long time Mr. Bodgers bere, and physicians were in vain. I wonder whether they



Handsworth Church.

into the church. I feel that if I looked at him any longer, I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would become of me then! I look up at the monumental tablets on the wall, and try to

called in Mr. Chillip, and he was in vain; and if so, how he liked to be reminded of it once a week. I look from Mr. Chillip, in his Sunday neckcloth, to the pulpit; and think what a good place it would be



The Plough Inn at Blunderstone.

to play in, and what a castle it would make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. In time my eyes gradually shut up; and from seeming to hear the clergyman singing a drowsy song in the heat, I hear nothing, until I fell off the seat with a crash, and am taken out, more dead than alive, by Pegotty."

The graveyard of that place was still another place in which to linger. It was, I suppose, quite like all other graveyards: the same dead, the same tragedies, same comedies, some loves and hopes, ambitions and despairs, smoothed out under the weight of stones, and yet I think it was a little different perhaps for everywhere, in and out of those old grave-stones one could imagine, not any fictitious Davy Copperfield, not Murdstone, or Davy's mother, or any character Dickens ever created—but Dickens himself. For twice, I think, his Dickens used that graveyard in "David Copperfield" and in "Great Expectations." Surely the sunnier graveyard which Davy's window overlooked was the one wherein little Pip found

the convict and so began his story. Surely little Davy and Pip were one and the same and surely both were—Charles Dickens. I am not an authority on Dickens; I do not know.

#### THE HOTEL BY THE SEA.

Not so very far from Blunderstone we visited the "Hotel by the Sea." This, you will remember, was the place to which Murdstone, who had not yet succeeded in winning David's widowed mother as his wife, took the small boy for a ride, placing him before him on the saddle. Here, as Copperfield narrates, two gentlemen were smoking cigars in a room by themselves. "Each of them was lying on at least four chairs, and had a large rough jacket on. In a corner was a heap of coats and boat-cloaks, and a flag all bundled together. They both rolled to their feet in an untidy sort of manner, when we came in, and said: 'Halloo, Murdstone! We thought you were dead!'"

"Not yet," said Murdstone.

"And who's this shaver?" said one of the gentlemen, taking hold of me.

"That's Davy," returned Mr. Murdstone.

"Davy who?" said the gentleman, "Jones?"

"Copperfield," said Mr. Murdstone.

"What! Bewitching Mrs. Copperfield's enchantment!" cried the gentleman, "the pretty little widow?"

"Quinion," said Mr. Murdstone, "take care, if you please. Somebody is sharp."

"Who is?" asked the gentleman, laughing.

I looked up quickly, being curious to know.

"Only Brooks, of Sheffield," said Mr. Murdstone.

"I was quite relieved to find that it was only Brooks of Sheffield: for, at first, I really thought it was I."

Everyone knows the rest of the story, how the trio drank "Confusions to Brooks, of Sheffield!" how they laughed so much at their joke that the lonely little boy laughed also, how they walked on the cliff after that, and sat on the grass looking at things through a telescope, how they visited the yacht, and went home early in the evening, and finally, how the cold

Murdstone and the gentle widow strolled, as was their habit, by the sweet briar hedge.

#### OTHER DICKENS' "PLACES."

We, who had read the story many years after the man who wrote it was dead, and many thousands of miles from where it was written, found it less easy to imagine this as a Dickens locality, and yet there were many yachts about, and men with rough coats and cigars, probably much the same as in the days of which Dickens wrote.

Other places than these have been as it were, hallowed by Dickens. There was, for instance, the Plough Inn, at Blunderstone, from which Mr. Barkis used to set out ever so often for Yarmouth. In Copperfield's day it was a long journey, and rather a serious undertaking for a small boy. But to-day it is a mere incident in a short motor ride. It is difficult to imagine Barkis' cart meandering slowly along that beautiful road among the motors which make it so busy of a summer's afternoon. The picture of the old carrier's horse, "the largest horse in the world," shuffling along with his head down



The Road from Blunderstone to Yarmouth.



King's Bench Prison



The Blandford Churchyard



The Hotel by the Sea



"The Dock Ali House."



"as if he liked to keep the people waiting, to whom the packages belonged," would indeed be in contrast with the picture of the modern means of travel on that road—"The Carrier," says the book, "had a way of keeping his head down, like his horse, and of drooping sleepily forward as he drove with one of his arms on each of his knees. . . . We made so many deviations up and down lanes, and were such a long time delivering a bedstead at a public house, and calling at other places, that I was quite tired," says David, speaking of his first visit to Yarmouth with Peggotty, "and very glad when we saw Yarmouth."

There is another inn dealt with in the book, and photographed in this article, in which Copperfield rested shortly before his visit to Mr. Peggotty's house, when the tragedy of little Emily was discovered. He stayed to dine "at a decent ale house, some mile or two from the ferry." Dickens, no

usual, makes a prelude of rain for his tragedy, and one may easily see this same ale-house—for there can be no mistaking the one—of a rainy night, and picture Copperfield inside, eating dinner, before going on to Peggotty's house on the sands.

There was nothing particularly interesting in Betsey Trotwood's "pleasant cottage Broadstairs." Dickens has placed it at Dover. The trouble which the famous Betsey had in keeping the donkeys off the grass is not unlike the trouble which certain old ladies in Queen's Park enjoy from their front windows when the children are coming from school. King's Bench Prison, too, had its interest not unrelated to the late Wilkins Micawber. But these again verge on being mere places. There is no more pleasant nor profitable journey for the reader of Charles Dickens than the little run into Suffolk, where the story of David Copperfield begins.

## THE RIVER

Sometimes I dream—what time the sun is setting—

And sad thoughts come like shadows of the gone—

And dreaming cross the River of Forgetting

That only dreamers and the dead may pass.

And there alone I find a perfect gladness,

A song of joy that has no hint of tears,

And far behind I leave the world of sadness

Weighted down with all its burden of long years,

What are joys we know this side the River?

The Rose of Love, whose thorns are sharpest pain,

The Gifts of Wealth or Fame that mock the River,

The Wine of Youth, that all too soon we drain,

Only in dreams I cross; and none can yet bring

Shall set me nearer to those shining sands,

Till Death shall bring the River of Forgetting,

Whose waters wash the world-stain from my hands

By *Dagfield Rendall*.

## Smoke Bellew

By

Jack London

## The Meat

TALE TWO.

HALF the time the wind blew a gale, and Smoke Bellew staggered against it along the beach. In the gray of dawn a dozen boats were being loaded with the precious outfits packed across Chilcoat. They were clumsy, home-made boats, put together by men who were not boat-builders, out of planks they had saved by hand from green spruce trees. One boat, already loaded, was just starting, and Kit paused to watch.

The wind, which was fair down the lake, here blew in squarely on the beach, kicking up a nasty sea in the shallows. The men of the departing boat waded in high rubber boots as they shoved it out toward deeper water. Twice they did this Clambering aboard and falling to row clear, the boat was swept back and grounded. Kit noticed that the spray on the sides of the boat turned quickly to ice. The third attempt was a partial success. The last two men to climb in were wet to their waists, but the boat was afloat. They struggled awkwardly at the heavy oars, and slowly worked off shore. Then they hoisted a sail made of blankets, had it carry away in a gust, and were swept a third time back on the freezing beach.

Kit grinned to himself and went on. This was what he must expect to encounter, for he, too, in his new role of

gentleman's man, was to start from the beach in a similar boat that very day.

Everywhere men were at work, and at work desperately, for the closing down of winter was so imminent that it was a gamble whether or not they would get across the great chain of lakes before the freeze-up. Yet, when Kit arrived at the tent of Messrs. Sprague and Stine, he did not find them stirring.

By a fire, under the shelter of a tarpaulin, squatted a short, thick man, smoking a brown-paper cigarette.

"Hello," he said. "Are you Mister Sprague's new man?"

As Kit nodded, he thought he had noted a shade of emphasis on the *water* and the *man*, and he was sure of a hint of a twinkle in the corner of the eye.

"Well, I'm Doc Stine's man," the other went on. "I'm five feet, two inches long, and my name's Shorty, Jack Short for short, and sometimes known as Johnny-on-the-Spot."

Kit put out his hand and shook. "Were you raised on bear meat?" he queried.

"Sure," was the answer, "though my first feedin' was buffalo-milk as near as I can remember. Sit down an' have some grub. The bosses ain't turned out yet."

And despite the one breakfast, Kit sat down under the tarpaulin and ate a second breakfast thrice as hearty. The heavy,

purring toil of weeks had given him the stomach and appetite of a wolf. He could eat anything, in any quantity, and he was aware that he possessed a digestion. Shortly he found vegetable and pessimistic, and from him he received surprising tips concerning their horses and ominous forecasts of the expedition. Thomas Stanley Sprague was a budding mining engineer and the son of a millionaire. Doctor Adolph Stine was also the son of a wealthy father. And, through their fathers, both had been backed by an investing syndicate in the Klondike adventure.

"Oh, they're sure made of money," Shortly expounded. "When they hit the bench at Dyea freight was seventy cents, but no Indians. There was a party from Eastern Oregon, real miners, that'd managed to get a team of Indians together at seventy cents. Indians had the straps on the outfit, three thousand pounds of it, when along comes Sprague and Stine. They offered eighty cents and ninety, and at a dollar a pound the Indians jumped the contract and took off their traps. Sprague and Stine came through, though it cost them three thousand, and the Oregon bunch is still on the bench. They won't get through till next year."

"Oh, they are real hummers, your boss and mine, when it comes to sheddin' the mazzama an' never mindin' other folks' feelin'." What did they do when they hit Linderman? The carpenters were just putting in the lasticks on a boat they'd contracted to a 'Frisco bunch for six hundred. Sprague and Stine slipped 'em an even thousand, and they jumped their contract. It's a good-lookin' boat, but it's jiggered the other bunch. They've got their outfit right here, but no boat. And they're stuck for next year."

"Have another cup of coffee, and take it from us that I wouldn't travel with no such outfit if I didn't want to go to Klondike no blamed bad. They ain't heered right. They'd take the cups off the door of a house in mourning if they needed it in their business. Did you sign a contract?"

Kit shook his head.

"Then I'm sorry for you, pardner. They ain't no grub in the country, and they'll drop you cold as soon as they hit Dawson. Men are going to starve there this winter."

"They agreed—" Kit began.

"Verbel," Shortly snapped him short. "It's your say-so against theirs, that's all. Well, anyway—what's your name, pardner?"

"Call me Smoke," said Kit.

"Well, Smoke, you'll have a run for your verbal contract just the same. This is a plain sample of what to expect. They can sure shed mazzama, but they can't work, or turn out of bed in the morning. We should have been loaded and started an hour ago. It's you an' me for the big work. Pretty soon you'll hear 'em shoutin' in for their coffee—in bed, mind you, and they grown men. What d'ye know about boatin' on the water? I'm a cornman and a prospector, but I'm sure tenderfooted on water, an' they don't know punkins. What d'ye know?"

"Search me," Kit answered, smuggling in closer under the tarpaulin as the snow swirled before a fiercer gust. "I haven't been on a small boat since a boy. But I guess we can learn."

A corner of the tarpaulin tore loose, and Shortly received a jet of driven snow down the back of his neck.

"Oh, we can learn all right," he muttered wrathfully. "Sure we can. A child can learn. But it's dollars to doughnuts we don't even get started today."

It was eight o'clock when the call for coffee came from the tent, and nearly nine before the two employers emerged.

"Hello," said Sprague, a rosy-cheeked, well-fed young man of twenty-five. "Time we made a start, Shortly. You and—"  
Here he glanced interrogatively at Kit. "I didn't quite catch your name last evening."

"Smoke."

"Well, Shortly, you and Mr. Smoke had better begin loading the boat."

"Plain Smoke—out out the Mister," Kit suggested.

Sprague nodded curtly and strolled away among the tents, to be followed by Doctor Stine, a slender, pallid young man. Shortly looked significantly at his companion.

"Over a ton and a half of outfit, and they won't lend a hand. You'll see."

"I guess it's because we're paid to do the work," Kit answered cheerfully, "and we might as well hunk in."

To move three thousand pounds on the shoulders a hundred yards was no slight task, and to do it in half a gale, slushing through the snow in heavy rubber boots, was exhausting. In addition there was the taking down of the tent and the packing of small camp equipment. Then came the loading. As the boat settled it had to be shoved further and further out, increasing the distance they had to wade. By two o'clock it had all been accomplished, and Kit, despite his two breakfasts, was weak with the faintness of hunger. His knees were shaking under him. Shortly, in similar predicament, foraged through the pots and pans, and drew forth a big pot of cold boiled beans in which were imbedded large chunks of bacon. There was only one spoon, a long-handled one, and they dipped, turn and turn about, in to the pot. Kit was filled with an immense certitude that in all his life he had never tasted anything so good.

"Lord, man," he mumbled between chews. "I never knew what appetite was till I hit the trail."

Sprague and Stine arrived in the midst of this pleasant occupation.

"What's the delay?" Sprague complained. "Aren't we ever going to get started?"

Shortly dipped in turn, and passed the spoon to Kit. Nor did either speak till the pot was empty and the bottom scraped.

"Of course we ain't ben doin' nothing," Shortly said, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "We ain't ben doin' nothing at all. And of course you ain't had nothing to eat. It was sure careless of me."

"Yes, yes," Stine said quickly. "We ate at one of the tents—friends of ours."

"Thought so," Shortly granted.

"But now that you're finished, let us get started," Sprague urged.

"There's the boat," said Shortly. "She's sure loaded. Now, just how might you be grub'ed now to get started?"

"By climbing on board and shoving off. Come on."

They waded out, and the employers got on board, while Kit and Shortly shared clear. When the waves lapped the tops of their boots they clambered in. The other two men were not prepared with the oars, and the boat swept back and grounded. Half a dozen times, with a great expenditure of energy, this was repeated.

Shortly sat down disconsolately on the gunwale, took a chew of tobacco, and questioned the universe, while Kit baled the boat and the other two exchanged unkind remarks.

"If you'll take my orders, I'll get her off," Sprague finally said.

The attempt was well intended, but before he could clamber on board he was wet in the waist.

"We've got to camp and build a fire," he said, as the boat grounded again. "I'm freezing."

"Don't be afraid of a wetting," Stine sneered. "Other men have gone off today wetter than you. Now, I'm going to take her out."

This time it was he who got the wetting and who announced with chattering teeth the need of a fire.

"A little splash like that," Sprague chattered cheerfully. "We'll go on."

"Shortly, dig out my clothes-bag and make a fire," the other commanded.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," Sprague cried.

Shortly looked from one to the other, exasperated, but did not move.

"He's working for me, and I guess he obeys my orders," Stine retorted. "Shortly, take that bag ashore."

Shortly obeyed, and Sprague shivered in the boat. Kit, having received no orders, remained inactive, glad of the rest.

"A boat divided against itself won't float," he soliloquized.

"What's that?" Sprague snarled at him.

"Talking to myself—habit of mine," he answered.

His employer favored him with a hard look, and soaked several minutes longer. Then he surrendered.

"Get out my bag, Smoke," he ordered, "and lend a hand with that fire. We won't get off till the morning now."

## II.

Next day the gale still blew. Lake Linderman was no more than a narrow mountain gorge partly filled with water. Sweeping down from the mountains through this funnel, the wind was irregular, blowing great gusts at times and at other times dwindling to a strong breeze.

"If you give me a shot at it, I think I can get her off," Kit said, when all was ready for the start.

"What do you know about it?" Stine snapped at him.

"Search me," Kit answered, and subsided.

It was the first time he had worked for wages in his life, but he was learning the discipline of it fast. Obediently and cheerfully he joined in various vain efforts to get clear of the beach.

"How would you go about it?" Sprague finally half-panted, half-whined at him.

"Sit down and get a good rest till a bull comes in the wind, and then back in for all we're worth."

Simple as the idea was, he had been the first to evolve it; the first time it was applied it worked, and they hoisted a blanket to the mast and sped down the lake. Stine and Sprague immediately became cheerful. Shorty, despite his chronic pessimism, was always cheerful, and Kit was too interested to be otherwise. Sprague struggled with the steering sweep for a quarter of an hour, then looked appealingly at Kit, who relieved him.

"My arms are fairly broken with the strain of it," Sprague muttered apologetically.

"You never ate bear meat, did you?" Kit asked sympathetically.

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing; I was just wondering."

But behind his employer's back Kit caught the approving grin of Shorty, who had already caught the whim of his smile.

Kit steered the length of Linderman, displaying an aptitude that caused both young men of money and disinclination for work to name him boat-steerer. Shorty was no less pleased, and volunteered to continue cooing and leave the boat work to the other.

Between Linderman and Lake Bennett was a portage. The boat, lightly loaded, was lined down the small, but violent connecting stream, and here Kit learned a vast deal more about boats and water. But when it came to packing the outfit, Stine and Sprague disappeared, and their men spent two days of back-breaking toil in getting the outfit across. And this was the history of many miserable days of the trip—Kit and Shorty working to exhaus-

tion, while their masters toiled not and demanded to be waited upon.

But the iron-bound arctic winter continued to close down, and they were held back by numerous and avoidable delays. At Windy Arm, Stine arbitrarily dispossessed Kit of the steering-sweep, and within the hour wrecked the boat on a wave-beaten lee shore. Two days were lost here in making repairs, and the morning of the fresh start, as they came down to embark, on stern and bow, in large letters, was inscribed "The Chechegos."

Kit grinned at the appropriateness of the invidious word.

"Huh!" said Shorty, when accosted by Stine. "I can sure read and spell, an' I know that *chechego* means tenderfoot, but my education never went high enough to learn to spell a jaw-breaker like that."

Both employers looked daggers at Kit, for the insult rankled; nor did he mention that the night before Shorty had besought him for the spelling of that particular word.

"That's most as bad as your bear-meat slaps at 'em," Shorty confided later.

Kit chuckled. Along with the continuing discovery of his own powers had come an ever-increasing disapproval of the two masters. It was not so much irritation, which was always present, as disgust. He had got his taste of the meat, and liked it; but they were teaching him how not to eat it. Privately, he thanked God that he was not made as they. He came to dislike them to a degree that bordered on hatred. Their malinizing bothered him less than their helpless inefficiency. Somewhere in him old Isaac Bellevue and all the rest of the hardy Bellevues were making good.

"Shorty," he said one day, in the usual delay of getting started, "I could almost fetch them a rap over the head with an axe and bury them in the river."

"Same here," Shorty agreed. "They're not meat-eaters. They're fish-eaters, and they sure stink."

### III

They came to the rapids first, the Box Canyon, and, several miles below, the White Horse. The Box Canyon was adequately named. It was a box, a trap.

Once in it, the only way out was through. On either side arose perpendicular walls of rock. The river narrowed to a fraction of its width and roared through this gloomy passage in a madness of motion that heaped the water in the centre into a ridge fully eight feet higher than at the rocky sides. This ridge, in turn, was crested with stiff, upstanding waves that curled over, yet remained each in its upsurging place. The Canyon was well feared, for it had collected its toll of dead from the passing gold-rushers.

Tying to the bank above, where lay a score of other anxious boats, Kit and his companions went ahead on foot to investigate. They crept to the brink and gazed down at the skirl of water. Sprague drew back shuddering.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "A swimmer hasn't a chance in that."

Shorty touched Kit significantly with his elbow and said in an undertone:

"Cold feet. Dollars to doughnuts they don't go through."

Kit scarcely heard. From the beginning of the boat trip he had been learning the subtleties and inconceivable viciousness of the elements, and this glimpse of what was below him acted as a challenge.

"We've got to ride that ridge," he said. "If we get off of it we'll hit the walls—"

"And never know what hit us," was Shorty's verdict. "Can you swim, Smoke?"

"I'd wish I couldn't if anything went wrong in there."

"That's what I say," a stranger, standing alongside and peering down into the Canyon, said usefully. "And I wish I were through it."

"I wouldn't sell my chance to go through," Kit answered.

He spoke honestly, but it was with the idea of heartening the man. He turned to go back to the boat.

"Are you going to tackle it?" the man asked.

Kit nodded.

"I wish I could get the courage, too," the other confessed. "I've been here for hours. The longer I look, the more afraid I am. I am not a boatman, and I have only my nephew with me, who is a young

Once in it, the only way out was through. safely, will you run my boat through?"

Kit looked at Shorty, who delayed to answer.

"He's got his wife with him," Kit suggested.

Nor had he mistaken his man.

"Sure," Shorty affirmed. "It was just that I was stopping to think about. I knew there was some reason I ought to do it."

Again they turned to go, but Sprague and Stine made no movement.

"Good luck, Smoke," Sprague called to him. "I'll—er—" He hesitated. "I'll just stay here and watch you."

"We need three men in the boat, two at the oars and one at the steering sweep," Kit said quietly.

Sprague looked at Stine.

"I'm damned if I do," said that gentleman. "If you're not afraid to stand here and look on, I'm not."

"Who's afraid?" Sprague demanded hotly.

Stine retorted in kind, and their two men left them in the thick of a squabble.

"We can do without them," Kit said to Shorty. "You take the bow with a paddle, and I'll handle the steering sweep. All you'll have to do is just to keep her straight. Once we're started, you won't be able to hear me, so just keep on keeping her straight."

They cast off the boat and worked out to the middle in the quickening current. From the Canyon came an ever-growing roar. The river sucked into the entrance with the smoothness of molten glass, and here, as the darkening walls revolved them, Shorty took a chew of tobacco, and dipped his paddle. The boat leaped on the first crests of the ridge, and they were deflected by the upsur of wild water that reverberated from the narrow walls and multiplied itself. They were half-mothered with flying spray. At times Kit could not see his comrade at the bow. It was only a matter of two minutes, in which time they rode the ridge three-quarters of a mile, and emerged in safety and tied to the bank in the eddy below.

Shorty emptied his mouth of tobacco juice—he had forgotten to spit—and spoke.



"But you're a sure meat-eater, and I'll leave you."

"That was bear-meat," he exulted, "the real bear-meat. Say, we went a few, didn't we? Smoke, I don't mind tellin' you in confidence, that before we started I was the gosh-dangliest scoundrel man this side of the Rocky Mountains. Now I'm a bear-eater. Come on an' we'll run that other heat through."

Midway back, on foot, they encountered their employers, who had watched the passage from above.

"There comes the fish-eaters," said Shorty. "Keep to win'ward."

#### IV.

After running the stranger's boat through, whose name proved to be Breck, Kit and Shorty met his wife, a slender, girlish woman whose blue eyes were moist with gratitude. Breck himself tried to hand Kit fifty dollars, and then attempted it on Shorty.

"Stranger," was the latter's rejection, "I come into this country to make money outa the ground an' not outa my fellow critters."

Breck rummaged in his boat and produced a demijohn of whisky. Shorty's hand half went out to it and stopped abruptly. He shook his head.

"There's that blamed White Horse right below, an' they say it's worse than the Box. I reckon I don't dare tackle any lightning."

Several miles below they ran into the bank, and all four walked down to look at the bad water. The river, which was a succession of rapids, was here deflected toward the right bank by a rocky reef. The whole body of water, rushing crookedly into the narrow passage, accelerated its speed frightfully and was up-flung into huge waves, white and wrathful. This was the dread Mane of the White Horse, and here an even heavier toll of dead had been exacted. On one side of the Mane was a corkscrew curl-over and suck-under, and on the opposite side was the big whirlpool. To go through, the Mane itself must be ridden.

"This plum ripe the strings outa the Box," Shorty concluded.

As they watched, a boat took the head of the rapids above. It was a large boat, fully thirty-five feet long, laden with sev-

eral tons of outfit and handled by six men. Before it reached the Mane it was plunging and leaping, at times almost hidden by the foam and spray.

Shorty shot a slow, sideling glance at Kit and said:

"She's fair smoking, and she hasn't hit the worst. They've hauled the oars in. There, she takes it now. God! She's gone! No; there she is!"

Big as the boat was, it had been buried from sight in the flying smother between creaks. The next moment, in the thick of the Mane, the boat leaped up a crest and into view. To Kit's amazement he saw the whole long bottom clearly outlined. The boat, for the fraction of an instant, was in the air, the men sitting idly in their places, all save one in the stern, who stood at the steering-sweep. Then came the downward plunge into the trough and a second disappearance. Three times the boat leaped and buried itself, then those on the bank saw its nose take the whirlpool as it slipped off the Mane. The steersman, vainly opposing with his full weight on the steering car, surrendered to the whirlpool and helped the boat to take the circle.

Three times it went around, each time so close to the rocks, on which Kit and Shorty stood, that either could have leaped on board. The steersman, a man with a reddish beard of recent growth, waved his hand to them. The only way out of the whirlpool was by the Mane, and on the third round the boat entered the Mane obliquely at its upper end. Possibly out of fear of the draw of the whirlpool, the steersman did not attempt to straighten out quickly enough. When he did, it was too late. Alternately in the air and buried, the boat angled the Mane and sucked into and down through the stiff wall of the corkscrew on the opposite side of the river. A hundred feet below, boxes and bales began to float up. Then appeared the bottom of the boat and the scattered heads of six men. Two managed to make the bank in the eddy below. The others were drawn under, and the general Bottom was lost to view, borne on by the swift current around the bend.

There was a long minute of silence. Shorty was the first to speak.

"Come on," he said. "We might as well tackle it. My feet'll get cold if I stay here any longer."

"We'll smoke some," Kit grinned at him.

"And you'll sure earn your name," was the rejoinder. Shorty turned to their employers. "Comin'?" he queried.

Perhaps the roar of the water prevented them from hearing the invitation.

Shorty and Kit tramped back through a foot of snow to the head of the rapids and cut off the boat. Kit was divided between two impressions: one, of the caliber of his comrade, which served as a spur to him; the other, likewise a spur, was the knowledge that old Isaac Bellew, and all the other Belles, had done things like this in their westward march of empire. What they had done, he could do. It was the meat, the strong meat, and he knew, as never before, that it required strong men to eat such meat.

"You've sure got to keep the top of the ridge," Shorty shouted at him, the plug tobacco lifting to his mouth, as the boat quickened in the quickening current and took the head of the rapids.

Kit nodded, swayed his strength and weight tentatively on the steering oar, and headed the boat for the plunge.

Several minutes later, half-swamped and lying against the bank in the eddy below the White Horse, Shorty spat out a mouthful of tobacco juice and shook Kit's hand.

"Meat! Meat!" Shorty chanted. "We eat it raw! We eat it alive!"

At the top of the bank they met Breck. His wife stood at a little distance. Kit shook his hand.

"I'm afraid your boat can't make it," he said. "It is smaller than ours and a bit cranky."

The man pulled out a row of bills.

"I'll give you each a hundred if you run it through."

Kit looked out and up the towing lane of the White Horse. A long, gray twilight was falling, it was turning colder, and the landscape seemed taking on a savage bleakness.

"It ain't that," Shorty was saying. "We don't want your money. Wouldn't touch it now. But my pardner is the real meat with boats, and when he says you're

ain't safe I reckon he knows what he's talkin' about."

Kit nodded confirmation, and glanced at Mrs. Breck. Her eyes were fixed upon him, and he knew that if ever he had seen prayer in a woman's eyes he was seeing it then. Shorty followed his gaze and saw what he saw. They looked at each other in confusion and did not speak. Moved by the common impulse, they nodded to each other and turned to the trail that led to the head of the rapids. They had not gone a hundred yards when they met Stine and Sprague coming down.

"Where are you going?" the latter demanded.

"To fetch that other boat through," Shorty answered.

"No you're not. It's getting dark. You two are going to pitch camp."

So huge was Kit's disgust that he forebore to speak.

"He's got his wife with him," Shorty said.

"That's his lookout," Stine contributed.

"And Smoke's and mine," was Shorty's retort.

"I forbid you," Sprague said harshly.

"Smoke, if you go another step I'll discharge you."

"And you, too, Shorty," Stine added.

"And a hell of a pickle you'll be in with us fired," Shorty replied. "How'll you get your blamed boat to Dawson? Who'll serve you coffee in your blankets and manure your finger-nails? Come on, Smoke. They don't dare fire us. Besides, we've got agreements. If they fire us they've got to divvy up grub to last us through winter."

Barely had they shoved Breck's boat out from the bank and caught the first rough water, when the waves began to lap aboard. They were small waves, but it was an earnest of what was to come. Shorty cast back a quizzical glance as he gnawed at his inevitable plug, and Kit felt a strange rush of warmth at his heart for this man who couldn't swim and who couldn't bark out.

The rapids grew stiffer, and the spray began to fly. In the gathering darkness, Kit glimpsed the Mane and the crooked fling of the current into it. He worked into this crooked current, and felt a glow

of satisfaction as the boat hit the head of the Mane squarely in the middle. After that, in the smother, leaping and burying and swamping, he had no clear impression of anything save that he swung his weight on the steering oar and wished his uncle were there to see. They emerged, breathless, wet through, and filled with water almost to the gunwale. Lighter pieces of baggage and outfit were floating inside the boat. A few careful strokes on Shorty's part worked the boat into the 'cove' of the eddy, and the eddy did the rest till the boat softly touched against the bank. Looking down from above was Mrs. Breck. Her prayer had been answered, and the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"You boys have simply got to take the money," Breck called down to them.

Shorty stood up, slipped, and sat down in the water, while the boat slipped one gambrel under and righted again.

"Damn the money," said Shorty.

"Fetch out that whiskey. Now that it's over I'm gettin' cold feet, an' I'm sure likely to have a chill."

## Y.

In the morning, as usual, they were among the last of the boats to start Breck, despite his boating inefficiency, and with only his wife and nephew for crew, had broken camp, loaded his boat, and pulled out at the first streak of day. But there was no hurrying Stine and Sprague, who seemed incapable of realizing that the freeze-up might come any time. They malingered, got in the way, delayed, and doubled the work of Kit and Shorty.

"I'm sure losing my respect for God, swin' as he must have made them two mistakes in human form," was the latter's blasphemous way of expressing his disgust.

"Well, you're the real goods at any rate," Kit grinned back at him. "It makes me respect God the more just to look at you."

"He was sure goin' some, eh?" was Shorty's fashion of oversteering the embarrassment of the compliment.

The trail by water crossed Lake Le Barge. Here was no fast current, but a tideless stretch of forty miles which most

be rowed unless a fair wind blew. But the time for fair wind was past, and an icy gale blew in their teeth out of the north. This made a rough sea, against which it was almost impossible to pull the boat. Added to their troubles was driving snow; also, the freezing of the water on their oar-blades kept one man occupied in chipping it off with a hatchet. Compelled to take their turn at the oars, Sprague and Stine patiently loafed. Kit had learned how to throw his weight on an oar, but he noted that his employers made a seeming of throwing their weight and that they dipped their oars at a cheating angle.

At the end of three hours, Sprague pulled his oar in and said they would run back into the mouth of the river for shelter. Stine seconded him, and the several hard-won miles were lost. A second day, and a third, the same fruitless attempt was made. In the river mouth, the continually arriving boats from White Horse made a flotilla of over two hundred. Each day forty or fifty arrived, and only two or three won to the north-west shore of the lake and did not come back. Ice was now forming in the eddies and connecting from eddy to eddy in thin lines around the points. The freeze-up was very imminent.

"We could make it if they had the soul of clams," Kit told Shorty, as they dried their meekness by the fire on the evening of the third day. "We could have made it to-day if they hadn't turned back. Another hour's work would have fetched that west shore. They're—they're babes in the woods."

"Sure," Shorty agreed. He turned his meekness to the flame and debated a moment. "Look here, Smoke. It's hundreds of miles to Dawson. If we don't want to freeze in here, we've got to do something. What d'ye say?"

Kit looked at him, and waited.

"We've got the immortal cinch on them two babes," Shorty expounded. "They can give orders an' shed mammas, but as you say they're plum babes. If we're goin' to Dawson, we got to take charge of this here outfit."

They looked at each other.

"It's a go," said Kit, as his hand went out in ratification.

In the morning, long before daylight, Shorty issued his call.

"Come on!" he roared. "Tumble out you sleepers! Here's your coffee! Kick in to it! We're goin' to make a start!"

Grumbling and complaining, Stine and Sprague were forced to get under way two hours earlier than ever before. If anything, the gale was stiffer, and in a short time every man's face was lead up, while the oars were heavy with ice. Three hours they struggled, and four, one man heaving, one chopping ice, two tending the oars, and each taking his various turns. The northwest shore loomed nearer and nearer. The gale blew even harder, and at last Sprague pulled on his oar in token of surrender. Shorty sprang to it, though his relief had only begun.

"Chop ice," he said, handing Sprague the hatchet.

"But what's the use?" the other whined. "We can't make it. We're going to turn back."

"We're going on," said Shorty. "Chop ice. An' when you feel better you can spell me."

It was heart-breaking toil, but they gained the shore, only to find it composed of surge-beaten jagged rocks and cliffs, with no place to land.

"I told you so," Sprague whimpered. "You never peeped," Shorty answered. "We're going back."

Nobody spoke, and Kit held the boat into the cove as they skirted the forbidding shore. Sometimes they gained no more than a foot to the stroke, and there were times when two or three strokes no more than enabled them to hold their own. He did his best to hearten the two workhorses. He pointed out that the boat which had won to this shore had never come back. Perforce, he argued, they had found a shelter somewhere ahead. Another hour they labored, and a second.

"If you fellows put into your own sense of that coffee you swig in your blankets, we'd make it," was Shorty's encouragement. "You're just goin' through the motions an' not pullin' a pound."

A few minutes later, Sprague drew in his oar.

"I'm finished," he said, and there were tears in his voice.

"So are the rest of us," Kit answered, himself ready to cry or to commit murder,

or, so great was his exhaustion. "But we're going on just the same."

"We're going back. Turn the boat around."

"Shorty, if he won't pull, take that oar yourself," Kit commanded.

"Sure," was the answer. "He can chop ice."

But Sprague refused to give over the oar. Stine had ceased rowing, and the boat was drifting backward.

"Turn around, Smoke," Sprague ordered.

And Kit, who never in his life had cursed any man, astonished himself.

"I'll see you in hell first," he replied. "Take hold of that oar and pull."

It is in the moments of exhaustion that men lose all their reserves of civilization, and such a moment had come. Each man had reached the breaking point.

Sprague jerked off a mitten, drew his revolver, and turned it on his steersman. This was a new experience to Kit. He had never had a gun presented at him in his life. And now, to his surprise, it seemed to mean nothing at all. It was the most natural thing in the world.

"If you don't put that gun up," he said, "I'll take it away and rap you over the knuckles with it."

"If you don't turn the boat around I'll shoot you," Sprague threatened.

Then Shorty took a hand. He ceased chopping ice and stood up behind Sprague.

"Go on an' shoot," said Shorty, wiggling the hatchet. "I'm just rebukin' for a chance to brain you. Go an' start the festivities."

"This is mutiny," Stine broke in.

"You were engaged to obey orders," Shorty turned on him.

"Oh, you'll get yours as soon as I finish with your partner, you little hog-wallopin' snooper, you."

"Sprague," Kit said, "I'll give you just thirty seconds to put away that gun and get that oar out."

Sprague hesitated, gave a short hysterical laugh, put the revolver away and bent his back to the work.

For two hours more, inch by inch, they fought their way along the edge of the foaming rocks, until Kit feared he had made a mistake. And then, when on the verge of himself turning back, they came

abreast of a narrow opening, not twenty feet wide, which led into a land-locked enclosure where the fiercest gale scarcely flared the surface. It was the haven gained by the boats of previous days. They landed on a shelving beach, and the two employers lay in collapse in the boat, while Kit and Shorty pitched the tent, built a fire, and started the cooking.

"What's a hog-wallopin' snooper, Shorty?" Kit asked.

"Blamed if I know," was the answer; "but he's one just the same."

The gale, which had been dying quickly, ceased at midnight, and it came on clear and cold. A cup of coffee, set aside to cool and forgotten, a few minutes later was found coated with half an inch of ice. At eight o'clock, when Sprague and Stine, already rolled in their blankets, were sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, Kit came back from a look at the boat.

"It's the freeze-up, Shorty," he announced. "There's a skin of ice over the whole pond already."

"What are you going to do?"

"There's only one thing. The lake of course freezes first. The rapid current of the river may keep it open for days. This time to-morrow any boat caught in Lake Le Barge remains there until next year."

"You mean we got to get out to-night? Now?"

Kit nodded.

"Tumble out, you sleepers!" was Shorty's answer, coughed in a roar, as he began casting off the guy-ropes of the tent.

The other two awoke, groaning with the pain of stiffened muscles and the pain of rising from exhausted sleep.

"What time is it?" Stine asked.

"Half past eight."

"It's dark yet," was the objection.

Shorty jerked out a couple of guy-ropes and the tent began to sag.

"It's not morning," he said. "It's evening. Come on. The lake's frozen." We got to get across."

Stine sat up, his face bitter and wrathful.

"Let it freeze. We're not going to stir."

"All right," said Shorty. "We're goin' on with the boat."

"You were engaged —"

"To take you to Dawson," Shorty caught him up. "Well, we're takin' you, ain't we?"

He punctuated his query by bringing half the tent down on top of them.

They broke their way through the thin ice in the little harbor, and came out on the lake, where the water, heavy and glossy, froze on their oars with every stroke. The water soon became like mud, clogging the stroke of the oars and freezing in the air even as it dripped. Later the surface began to form a skin, and the boat proceeded slower and slower.

Often, afterward, when Kit tried to remember that night and failed to bring up night but nightmare recollections, he wondered what must have been the sufferings of Stine and Sprague. His own impression of himself was that he struggled through biting frost and insupportable exertion for a thousand years more or less.

Morning found them stationary. Stine complained of frosted fingers, and Sprague of his nose, while the pain in Kit's cheeks and nose told him that he, too, had been touched.

With each accretion of daylight they could see farther, and far as they could see was icy surface. The water of the lake was gone. A hundred yards away was the shore of the north end. Shorty insisted that it was the opening of the river and that he could see water. He and Kit alone were able to work, and with their oars they broke the ice and forced the boat along. And at the last gasp of their strength they made the sack of the rapid river. One look back showed them several boats which had fought through the night and were hopelessly frozen in; then they whirled around a bend in a current running six miles an hour.

## VI.

Day by day they floated down the swift river, and day by day the shore-ice extended farther out. When they made camp at midnight, they chopped a spare in the ice in which to lay the boat and carried the camp outfit hundreds of feet to shore. In the morning, they chopped the boat out through the new ice and caught the current. Shorty set up the sheet-iron stove in the boat, and over this

Stine and Sprague hung through the long drifting hours. They had surrendered, no longer gave orders, and their one desire was to gain Dawson. Shorty, pessimistic, indefatigable, and joyous, at frequent intervals roared out the three lines of the first four-line stanza of a song he had forgotten. The colder it got the oftener he sang:

"Like Argus of the ancient times,  
We leave this modern Greece;  
Tum-tum, tum-tum; tum-tum, tum-tum,  
To shear the Golden Fleece."

As they passed the mouths of the Hood-alinka and the Big and Little Salmones, they found these streams throwing mud-ice into the main Yukon. This gathered about the boat and attached itself, and at night they found themselves compelled to chop the boat out of the current. In the morning they chopped the boat back into the current.

The last night ashore was spent between the mouths of the White River and the Stewart. At daylight they found the Yukon, half a mile wide, running white from ice-floated bank to ice-floated bank. Shorty cursed the universe with less of geniality than usual, and looked at Kit.

"We'll be the last boat this year to make Dawson," Kit said.

"But they ain't no water, Smoke."

"Then we'll ride the ice down. Come on."

Halfheartedly protesting, Sprague and Stine were bundled on board. For half an hour, with axes, Kit and Shorty struggled to cut a way into the swift but solid stream. When they did succeed in clearing the shore-ice, the floating ice forced the boat along the edge for a hundred yards, tearing away half of one gunswale and making a partial wreck of it. Then they caught the current at the lower end of the bend that flung off-shore. They proceeded to work further toward the middle. The stream was no longer composed of mush-ice but of hard cakes. In between the cakes only was mush-ice, that froze solidly as they looked at it. Showing with the oars against the cakes, sometimes climbing out on the cakes in order to force the boat along, after an hour they gained the middle. Five minutes after they ceased their exertions, the boat was frozen in. The whole river was congelat-

ing as it ran. Cake froze to cake, until at last the boat was the center of a cake seventy-five feet in diameter. Sometimes they floated sidewise, sometimes stern-first, while gravity tore asunder the forming fetters in the moving mass, only to be maneuvered by faster-forming ones. While the hours passed, Shorty stoked the stove, cooked meals, and chanted his war song.

Night came, and after many efforts they gave up the attempt to force the boat to shore, and through the darkness they swayed helplessly onward.

"What if we pass Dawson?" Shorty queried.

"We'll walk back," Kit answered, "if we're not crushed in a jam."

The sky was clear, and in the light of the cold leaping stars they caught occasional glimpses of the looms of mountains on either hand. At eleven o'clock from below, came a dull, grinding roar. Their speed began to diminish and cakes of ice to up-end and crash and smash about them. The river was jamming. One cake, forced upward, slid across their cake and carried one side of the boat away. It did not sink, for its own cake still up-bore it, but in a whirl they saw dark water show for an instant within a foot of them. Then all movement ceased. At the end of half an hour the whole river picked itself up and began to move. This continued for an hour, when again it was brought to rest by a jam. Once again it started, running swiftly and savagely, with a great grinding. Then they saw lights ashore, and, when almost gravity and the Yukon surrendered, and the river ceased for six months.

On the shore at Dawson, curious ones gathered to watch the river freeze, heard from out of the darkness the war-song of Shorty's:

"Like Argus of the ancient times,  
We leave this modern Greece;  
Tum-tum, tum-tum; tum-tum, tum-tum,  
To shear the Golden Fleece."

## VII.

For three days Kit and Shorty labored, carrying the ton and a half of outfit from the middle of the river to the top-cabin Stine and Sprague had bought on the hill overlooking Dawson. This work fin-

ished, in the warm cabin, as twilight was falling, Sprague motioned Kit to him. Outside the thermometer registered sixty-five below zero.

"Your full mouth ain't up, Smoke," Sprague said. "But here it is in full. I wish you luck."

"How about the agreement?" Kit asked. "You know there's a famine here. A man can't get work in the mines even unless he has his own grub. You agreed—"  
"I know of no agreement," Sprague interrupted. "Do you, Stine?" We engaged you by the month. There's your pay. Will you sign the receipt?"

Kit's hands clenched, and for the moment he saw red. Both men shrank away from him. He had never struck a man in anger in his life, and he felt so certain of his ability to thrash Sprague that he could not bring himself to do it.

Shorty saw his trouble and interposed. "Look here, Smoke, I ain't travelin' no more with a ornery outfit like this. Right her's where I sure jump it. You an' me stick together. Save? Now you take your blanket an' hike down to the Elkhorn. Wait for me. I'll settle up, collect what's comin', an' give them what's comin'. I ain't no good on the water, but my feet's on tery-ferry now an' I'm sure goin' to make smoke."

Half an hour afterward Shorty appeared at the Elkhorn. From the bleeding knuckles and the skin off one cheek, it was evident that he had given Stine and Sprague what was comin'.

"You ought to see that cabin," he chuckled, as they stood at the bar. "Rough house ain't no name for it. Dollars to doughnuts nary one of 'em shows up on the street for a week. An' now it's all figured out for you an' me. Grub's a dollar an' a half a pound. They ain't no work for wages without you have your own grub. Moose-meat's sellin' for two dollars a pound an' they ain't none. We got enough money for a month's grub an' ammunition, an' we hike up the Klondike to the back country. If they ain't no moose, we go an' live with the Indians. But if we ain't got five thousand pounds of meat six months from now, I'll—I'll sure go back an' apologize to our bosses. Is it a go?"

Kit's hand went out and they shook. Then he faltered.

"I don't know anything about hunting," he said.

Shorty lifted his glass.

"But you're sure a meat-eater, an' I'll learn you."



# Canadian Autographs and Their Value

By

B. Maude

*What's in a name? The question is frequently asked in derision. But there is more in some names than most people imagine. A single signature has brought as high as \$7,000 right here in America. Others would bring more if they could be secured. Even in this young country Canadian autographs are of considerable value, particularly those of men who have figured conspicuously in our early history. The accompanying article deals in a racy manner with the value of a name and the way in which Canadian collectors are coming to a realization of the increasing worth and importance of autographs and autograph letters.*

**W**HAT is your name worth? At the end of the month, when the bills come in you feel probably that it is worth a trifle less than nothing. Except on a check you seldom attach a much greater value to it at any time. If you could find an easy mark who would pay you five dollars or even five cents for every signature you light-heartedly dash off by dozens every day you would run some risk of laughing yourself into apoplexy.

This of course is assuming that you are a plain, ordinary, everyday Canadian citizen. A few of your "Autograph Letters Signed" may be treasured in some pink ribbon-tied handle, a few more may occupy space in improved vertical files of some office, but for most you expect no better fate than the waste-paper basket and the grimy hands of the rag and bone merchant.

## FAMOUS OR NOTORIOUS.

Yet it all depends. At any moment you may become famous—or notorious.

Fate may choose you to write an epoch-making book, to save your country from disaster, to commit a series of colossal crimes; by chance or merit, accident or design you may win some little niche in Canadian history.

Then the value of your name will go up. The lightest trifles you have committed to paper will be worth coin money. Enthusiasts in auction rooms on the other side of the world will bid recklessly for that promissory note and the letters pertaining thereto which you looked upon only as a cause of insomnia. Your great-grandchildren will replace their old-fashioned automobile with a comfortable aeroplane on the proceeds of the dusty bundle of your old love letters which they unearthed in the attic. You will become the subject of a catalogue entry such as this:

"Average man (John James), Canadian General. Defeated Chinese at battle of Crow's Nest Pass. A.L.S. to William Higgins, grocer, complaining of

breakfast food supplied. 1 p., 4to. \$17.50.

—D.S. Order on Commissary for provisions, 3 p., 4 to., Jan. 27th, 1827. Headquarters, Nelson, B.C., \$14.

—A.L.S. to Miss Amelia Higgins, afterwards his wife. 18½p., 8vo. Very interesting communication, \$56.

It is encouraging to know that the Canadian market in general is a rising one. It is, however, still a slow market because Canadian autograph collectors have been scarce and expert Canadian dealers are scarcer still—it would be rash to say that there were more than half a dozen in the Dominion.

But more collectors are coming into the field every day and Canadian autographs are beginning to have a corner to themselves in the catalogues of the world's big dealers. Nevertheless the potential value of old signatures and manuscript is only vaguely realised by the majority of Canadians, and there must be plenty of interesting old documents amidst disregarded lumber in attics or in dusty old barrels in dark corners of cellars which daily run the risk of destruction.

## ABUNDANCE OF MATERIAL.

Down in the old farms and *manoirs* of Quebec the careful searcher could probably dig out plenty of good stuff—especially if he looked in the most unlikely seeming places. It is wonderful with what tenacity some letters and scraps of paper manage to cling to existence under the most adverse circumstances, and who knows what letters and documents may still survive bearing the names of Jacques Cartier, Champlain, de Calieres, de Buharnois, Montcalm, Bigot, Cabel—all the Frenchmen who are famous or infamous in their connection with the old colony?

A good many can be picked up in old corners of France. Paris is a hazy hunting ground for autographs of all kinds. A sixteenth century deed was picked up there for \$2.50 in which mention was made of a Royal Commission for the further exploration of "La Canada." This is now in the possession of the Toronto Library, the gift of Mr. J. Ross Robertson.

A signature of Bigot coupled with that of his secretary, Imbert, attached to a printed order for the payment of 1,000 livres on account of the expenses of the colony of "Nouvelle France" is another interesting Canadian autograph of Parisian origin. If one could come across one of the wicked Intendant's private and confidential notes to Cadet, or some other of his fellow robbers, it would be worth twenty times the \$15 asked for the signature mentioned above.

## AUTOGRAPHS DEMOCRATIC THINGS.

Autographs are the most democratic things under the sun. The autograph market is a very sensitive barometer showing in dollars and cents the estimation in which the memory of a man is held—modified of course by the rarity or otherwise of his signed bits of paper. A signed document of Louis the "Grand Monarque" brings only half as much as that of the low-born Bigot—his obscure servant in the unimportant "few acres of snow." Kings and princes often come cheaper than their very humble subjects.

A signed document of the humble pianist, Samuel Pepys, fetches \$7.50, against 75 cents which would be accepted for a long signed letter by Sir Charles Pepys, one time Lord Chancellor and a "great man" in his day.

Of course it is very difficult to value an autograph, even when the constant fluctuations of the market are left out of the question. Rarely plays an important part in the fixing of the value and after that the classification of each particular autograph.

There is the "A.L.S." to begin with—the Autograph Letter Signed—which naturally is the most valuable of all, especially if it deals with a subject of particular intimacy or interest. Then comes the "I.L.S.", the Letter Signed by the individual, but written by another hand. Next is the "D.S.", the Document Signed and the "S.", or simple signature written alone or cut from the bottom of a letter.

The comparative value of letters and documents may be judged by the prices set upon Queen Victoria's signature. One of her A.L.S., for instance, will fetch from \$15 to \$25 or so, while a warrant for "holding General Carlos Martial in Ireland," or an officer's commission is priced as low as \$4.00.



Still, even the D.S. of early Canadians would be worth bidding fairly high for, since they are very certain to go up considerably within a very short time. Logically a Canadian collector should begin five hundred years back with a Cahot, if he could get one, and work through the great French names to the modern signatures to which time has not yet given an exaggerated value. As to what difficulties there would be in getting the early name—it is almost impossible to say owing to the lack of a recognized market in Canada and the consequent want of an organized rummage for hidden documents.

There was a paragraph in the papers the other day which shows how little the importance of autographs is understood in Canada. In the recent sale at Rideau Hall no less than one hundred volumes of the vice-regal visitor's books were sold at 25 cents apiece—to a waste-paper merchant! What a terrible sacrifice! That is the sort of thing which drives an autograph enthusiast to despair.

A hundred volumes of signatures which must include those of all the most distinguished visitors to Canada during the past forty or fifty years. Plenty of rubbish no doubt—John Smiths and William Higinsons who signed their names and tipped hat in hand through the halls of vice-regal splendor—but many illustrious names also, which will be used for wrapping groceries.

Bonar Law's signature has not yet appeared in the open market, but since there must be plenty of them it will probably start at fifty cents or so, rise to a dollar if he becomes premier and if he manages to carve out an historical niche for himself go up to from five to fifteen dollars.

This is judging by the standard of other politicians and statesmen. Dismail is catalogued at \$15, Salisbury at \$1.50, Joseph Chamberlain at \$2.00 and his son Austen at 50 cents—there would have been a rise in this if Austen had obtained the leadership of the Unionists instead of Bonar Law. Gladstone stands at \$2.00 in the catalogues, while a few lines below the signature of General Gordon is priced at \$5.00—an interesting comparison of values.

#### SOME CANADIAN AUTOGRAPHS.

But to come back to Canada. Wolfe's is naturally a signature which no Canadian collector would be willing to omit. Five or six years ago it sold for \$38 in this country and would be worth double or treble the money now; two of his letters—not, however, concerning Canada—recently brought nearly \$150. If you came across his name scrawled at the bottom of a note concerning the attack on Quebec or any similar important communication it would be worth almost anything you chose to ask.

Nelson's would also be a good signature for a Canadian collection, since the great Admiral had a most romantic adventure in Quebec. He fell desperately in love with a certain beautiful Miss Simpson and became so infatuated that his brother officers had to carry him, almost by force, back to his ship, the "Albemarle," when she sailed. This was, of course, in his younger days. What would not an impetuous note from the gallant seaman to his young Canadian beauty be worth to a lover of the romances of Canadian history?

Twenty-five dollars was the price paid in Canada some years ago for one of his signatures of no great importance and probably \$100 would hardly buy it now. Two hundred dollars are asked for a letter of his to Lady Hamilton covering only a page and a half.

Captain Cooke—not of North Pole notoriety, although the "Doctor's" signature will possibly be worth a little in a few years—is another eighteenth century seaman worthy of a place in a Canadian collection. Cook commanded one of the ships before Quebec during Wolfe's attack and was largely responsible for the safe passage of the fleet through the difficult navigation of the river. Any of his notes on the navigation, or signed orders and dispatches concerning the disposition of the fleet would be of considerable value.

Even the modern Canadian market has lived up a bit of recent years. "John A.'s" for instance, which once met with little demand at 50 cents and \$1.00, now run from \$7.00 to \$15.00, according to their nature. Other Canadian statesmen hardly run as high; not many are quoted in the catalogues but one should be able

to hunt out a good many from private sources at a dollar or two each.

A Canadian dealer also sees signs of a coming rise in Goldwin Smith's. An American dealer lists one of his A.L.S. as low as 75 cents, but this is exceptional and interesting letters of his at that price would certainly be a good investment.

Letters of Doctor Parkman, the Canadian historian, find ready buyers at \$5.00 and \$2.00 is the price put upon a post-card bearing his initials only.

Governors-General are easy to get and comparatively cheap and although there might be some difficulty in getting together a complete set it would certainly be worth trying for. You can go back as far as 1773 and get an A.L.S. of Sir George Prevost dated at Kingston for as little as \$3.00. For a dollar less you can have an A.L.S. of the Earl of Dalhousie dated at Quebec in 1829. Lord Elgin's signature can be picked up for 50 cents, although he was Governor-General at a particularly stormy and interesting time in Canadian history. The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen can be got for 75 cents and 35 cents respectively, and Lord Dufferin runs from 75 cents to \$2.00—the higher price being for an interesting two page letter to James Russell Lowell.

#### FORTUNES IN A NAME.

The person addressed in a letter, by the by, often influences the value almost as much as the signature. The letter of one famous personage to another naturally has a sort of double autographic interest.

Letters of Washington's of this nature have fetched \$500, and even more, but this high price is largely because the American collector's chief ambition is to have a complete set of "Signers" of the Declaration of Independence. Some of these eclipse the "Father of his Country" altogether. The very rare signature of Thomas Lynch has sold for \$7,000, while the finder of an undiscovered autograph of Boston Gwinnett, rarest of all the "signers," may consider his fortune made for life—there is hardly a limit to the amount he might get.

Of the prominent British individuals in the American revolution there are not many signatures on the market at present. Burgoyne, the general who defeated the

"Continental" at Germantown and afterwards surrendered at Saratoga, is catalogued at \$0.50 in Boston and \$16 in London. A letter of the Marquis de Lafayette concerning the disposition of British and Revolutionary troops and other interesting matters the owner would not part with under \$20.

If you have any ancestors who were particularly distinguished during the war of 1812 you may reckon their autographs as worth, in the Canadian market, from six to twenty dollars, according to circumstances. John Armstrong, who surrendered Washington to the Canadians in 1814 is priced at \$15 and is fairly representative of others of the same period.

Curiously enough this capture of Washington was a severe blow to autograph collectors. After the Federal defeat at Bull Run in '61 the Capitol at Washington was used as a hospital for the Northern soldiers and in the conversion of the cellars into temporary kitchens a quantity of barrels full of old papers were unceremoniously trundled out of the way by an impatient officer and thrown into a marsh. These barrels, it turned out, had been stowed away for safety by this same John Armstrong when the British troops entered the capital and they contained unique and priceless papers and documents dating from pre-revolutionary times. All lost but a handful saved out of curiosity by a lady.

#### SOLDIERS NOT IN FAVOR.

Soldiers' autographs as a general rule do not fetch a great deal. Wellington goes for \$3.75; the Duke of Marlborough for \$0.50; Quarter Master General Arthur, a distinguished Canadian who fought with the Northern troops during the American Civil War, for \$5.00; Lord Wolseley for \$1.00. On the whole, soldiers seem to run very close to Royalties in their values. You can get very interesting Edward VII. letters at \$20, and still more interesting and intimate letters of the Georges—not, of course, including the present King—at prices running from \$4 to \$17. A Boston firm offers a signed letter of Catherine de Medicis, dated 1579, for \$17.50, an extremely low price for so old a document. A Cromwell letter, signed only, of a hundred years later is priced at \$125 and even one of his mere

signed documents is worth \$75. Prince Albert's signature is among the lowest priced, \$3.75.

Mention of Lord Wesley reminds one of Louis Riel, without whose signature a Canadian collection would hardly be complete. None have appeared in the catalogues of late and thus they would seem to be rare. There should be, however, plenty of them somewhere or another for Riel, far from being the wild half-breed which so many people are apt to think him, was a man of education and wrote a great deal, both in Canada and while lurking in Manitoba during the interval between the rebellions of '70 and '85. It would be interesting to compare his value with that of Lord Wesley—the man who crushed his outbreak. A good companion signature to Riel's would be that of Dumont, his lieutenant, and also that of Francis Dickens, the son of the novelist, who had a desperate encounter with the rebels.

#### DICKENS' AUTOGRAPH HIGH.

Dickens, by the way is amongst the highest priced of all the writers, and the values of writers' autographs run pretty high. An 8 page Dickens manuscript attacking the abuses of the old system of Ecclesiastical Registries in England has the extraordinarily high value of \$1,575 placed upon it while even his short letters bring from \$25 to \$50 and his simple initials \$1. Of other authors the following are some quoted prices. Carlyle \$15.00 down to \$2.00 for a mutilated order for picture frames; Oliver Wendell Holmes, \$10.00—in one catalogue his signatures occupy nearly a page; Thackeray, \$10.00 for an unsigned note; Longfellow, \$10.00; Bret Harte, \$7.50; Harriet Beecher Stowe, \$37.50; Stevenson, \$15.00; and to come down to the present day we find Conan Doyle priced at 75c. against Kipling's, \$39.00.

There is an amusing story about Kipling's autograph. He was annoyed by the crowds of visitors who drove out to see his house at Rottingdean and who broke branches from his trees and otherwise made nuisances of themselves. He wrote an indignant letter to a local hotel proprietor who organized these excursions but met with no response. A second letter was written and a third and a fourth,

each growing more fiery and indignant and eventually Kipling, belling with rage, went himself to interview the offending hotelman.

"Well sir," was the reply he got. "The first of your notes fetched me a sovereign, the second ran up ten shillings higher and the other two brought in two pounds apiece. And there's a gent staying in the house what's offered me five pounds when you get's libellous and ten if you can't restrain yourself and bust into poetry."

"I'm sorry you was annoyed; but I ask you—could a man put a stop to a thing like that?"

#### DEVILS AND DECEPTION.

So you see there are more ways of getting an autograph than one.

Most living celebrities can be got at direct and indeed there are many who deliberately give up half an hour or so of their time every day in satisfying the rapacious demands of autograph hunters. But autographs obtained for the asking in this way are not interesting to the genuine collector and are seldom of much value. Your real collector goes for holographs and holographs alone; he will not look at anything but a long and interesting letter written and signed by the individual himself.

There are many pitfalls for the collector or of which expert forgery is the chief. Some forgeries are almost undetectable, but usually the forger gives himself away by some little mistake or another. Forged Thackerays have been detected by the postmark on a stamp including lettering not introduced in postmarks of the alleged date, and usually the moribund acid test is sufficient to show that the ink of a letter is not as old as it pretends to be. Faded brown ink is often imitated in signs in which case a dampened finger is quite sufficient to expose the fraud.

#### THE CANADIAN MARKET.

It is quite true that more Canadian autographs came upon the market—no they certainly will do when there are more collectors filled with a desire to get them. The museums and libraries throughout the Dominion have got fair collections of historic autographs and documents, though even these are not nearly so common.

## His Destiny

By

Amy E. Campbell

THE hostess smilingly greeted her guests, introducing where it was necessary, little knowing how she was seating Dan Cupid in many instances. Everyone was happy and there was no ice to be broken, for a hostess with a genuine smile is proof against frost-stricken gatherings.

The first amusement of the evening was presented when the guests had seated themselves around a spacious table, and before each was a lump of plasticine on a small cashboard square. Men were hidden to mould the profile of some fair maid. Girls were to shape their ideal masculine profile from the little shapeless lumps.

Stiff old bachelors went to work with ast and pretty cheeks flushed as dainty fingers squeezed and poked the pliable little masses.

Maida Grierson found herself seated by Tom O'Neill, with a pleasant little thrill of recognition. Tom had always appealed to Maida. He was so very kind.

"I'm going to study your face, if you don't mind," he announced to her.

"Then to get even, I'll endeavor to produce an exact copy of yours," she answered with a laugh.

"You'll never win the prize then," he warned her.

"You'll see," she replied, with flushed cheeks.

They began to work gaily. "Your mouth is an impossibility—to me," he said presently, in a low tone.

She looked up quickly. "Is it so impossible," she asked in affectedly hurt tones.

"I didn't mean what you think I meant," he said, looking straight into her eyes.

"Then it isn't without shape and un-mouldable," said she, shyly.

"It is beyond reproach," he said as he bent over his work again.

"I can't get your chin right," she complained. "It is your strong point, too, isn't it?"

"Yes," he answered without looking up; "I am rather noted for its prominence."

"It is very determined looking," she remarked.

"It gets me along in the world some," he said, and then looked into her eyes. "And aids me sometimes in obtaining what I most desire."

"How exceedingly convenient," she murmured, bending quickly over her work.

"Whose profile are you working at so earnestly, Tom?" asked a friend from the opposite side of the table.

"I am shaping my destiny," was the answer, startling and brief.

"Lucky dog," laughed his friend.

"One of your privileges, eh, old chap?"

Instantly in Maida's mind flew defiant cold thoughts.

"His privilege. Perhaps he thinks so. Meanwhile, I'll change this face I'm shaping into somebody else's." And Tom worked to a disadvantage beside a face turned persistently away from him.

Just as the time was called by the hostess, Maida turned rather coldly to Tom.

"Aren't you using me very shabbily?" he asked, with a suggestion of hurt and

remorse in his kind eyes, but she had no time to reply.

Later everyone was congratulating Tom O'Neill on his success in winning first prize. Maids seemed to have disappeared and it was late in the evening when he heard her singing. The voice and the song thrilled him as he made his way towards the piano, only to find another fellow leaning annoyingly near her, turning the music. So he stole out on the balcony to study the stars and smoke a consoling cigar.

He went on dreaming heedless of the gaiety within, and when he began to grow chilled he strolled in and sought her and found her at length in the conservatory behind some tall sword ferns. He recoiled inwardly at finding her alone.

"Of what are you thinking?" he asked gaily.

She was silent for a moment and then she said softly—

"I was thinking of that dear old hymn, 'There are moments when we like to be alone.'"

He looked down at her and said in a low, hurt tone—

"I'm sorry, little girl. I thought at the beginning of this evening there was hope for me, but somehow things have become very plain and you have made me understand that you do not care. But if ever your heart wants me, I am yours. Will you remember that, Maids?"

She did not reply, and he placed the plasticine profile so like her own, in her hands and was gone.

"I'm so horribly proud," she moaned. "And I wanted him all the time."

Next day the newspapers recorded Tom O'Neill's departure for the West—and a few wondered at the suddenness of his going. Maids Grierson took little interest in the season's rush. "Ever and ever," she told herself; "like a dear little song, 'If ever your heart wants me, I'm yours.'"

After a few years she met a man from the West who knew Tom.

"Funniest thing about O'Neill," he told her, "he's a confirmed bachelor and half the girls in town crazy about him. I nursed him when he was sick though—"

"Was he ill?" she asked, fearfully.

"Horribly," he answered. "Poor old chap, and he was constantly raving about a girl among the ferns when he said 'good-bye.' Asked me over and over if I thought she would ever remember if she ever wanted him."

"Is he quite well now?" asked the girl, with averted eyes.

"Oh, sound as ever. Fine chap. Delighted to have had this chat with you, I'm sure."

Just a scrap of paper, an ordinary telegram, turned a grey day into one all blue for Tom O'Neill a few days later.

"I want you. Always have. Maids."



Shipping a well-bled Dredge.

## The Rise of the Oyster Trust

By

Paul Findlay

*One of the latest among "organized industries" is the Oyster Trust. In the accompanying article the writer shows that all things, even gigantic combinations, have a beginning, sometimes a very small one. The story of the oyster monopoly, the idea behind it, the way it was conceived by a small fruit dealer, and the manner in which it has been consummated in an investment and business representing millions is as interesting as any romance, and is herein related with a wealth of detail for the first time by one in close touch with the facts.*



A LITTLE more than a year ago old-fashioned New Yorkers were startled by the news that the famous "Blue Point Oyster Beds," comprising some 15,000 acres, had been all gobbled up by one heavily capitalized concern. Now comes the information that experts have been figuring on the control of the celebrated Canadian Malpeque beds. In the case of the American grounds, the shock was the greater because these, underlying most of the area of "Great South Bay," Long Island, had

been held continuously by the Smith family since Charles II. had granted them to the original Col. Wm. Smith in 1666. By this event the world was suddenly awakened to the fact that another trust had been incubated and was fully fledged. The quickly rapid development of this latest among "organized industries" is as interesting as any romance.

During the last decade of the nineteenth century, Otis Andrews kept a little fruit and fancy grocery store in Ed Paso, Texas. His capital was very limited; he



Cleaning and Shelling by Hand.

must be careful of small things, so he developed an unusually keen faculty to watch little leaks which might lead to losses, and he devised many ways to conserve his scanty stock. In that dry atmosphere, moisture is rapidly withdrawn from all moist things. A box of apples weighs perceptibly less every 24 hours. As it is the custom in that region to sell most things by weight, Andrews put his apples, plums and other fruits into show cases provided with automatic moisteners, like cigar cases. So he conserved the normal moisture and realized on its commercial value.

Many fine oysters are grown in the Gulf of Mexico and Andrews sold oysters in season. Practically all oysters shipped into those regions were, and are, opened, or shocked from the shell, since transportation in the shell would make them too expensive for popular consumption. In those days all opened oysters were packed in common tubs, kegs or barrels, with ordinary wooden covers, and a big chunk of ice—usually natural ice from open waters—was put in among the oysters to refrigerate them. The science of bacteriology was only partially developed, so nobody thought much about many things which would be repulsive to us of to-day.

#### HANDLING OF OYSTERS.

The ice which was first supplied in this way, however, would last only for 24 to 36 hours, so it was necessary to add more ice once or twice on the long journey across the big State of Texas, El Paso be-

ing just about 1,000 miles inland, by rail. To replenish the ice, express messengers would pull off the cover of the tub or take out the head of the keg, pour off the accumulated "juice"—more accurately, water—and put in another chunk of ice; but in so doing they were subjected to great temptation to abstract a pint or so of the oysters—to enrich their lunchpails or take home for the family supper. If there were two messengers, two pints might be taken, or even more. If the ice was replenished more than once, more than one pilfering was apt to intervene, so that the dealer—Andrews in this case—might receive four or four and a half gallons while paying for five gallons. Andrews pondered long before he solved this problem; but his solution so completely revolutionized the handling of opened oysters on this continent that to-day you will look in vain for the old, familiar oyster-tub on railway platforms or in your retailer's store.

He devised a trunk-like wooden box within which was placed an oblong container made of galvanized iron, shaped somewhat like a small household tin bread box. On the container he put a good padlock, while the lid of the box was fastened by an ordinary hook, or baw, so that it might be readily opened. The plan was to pack the oysters in the inner container and lock it, and then put chopped ice around the container, in the space between it and the outer box. The box might be opened for re-icing while in transit, but the inner receptacle, being

locked, was safe from any depredations. Andrews had a supply of these constructed, sent them to his oyster shippers, with duplicate keys, and instructed the oystermen to ship all his oysters in those special packages thereafter. From that time on, Andrews received all the oysters for which he was charged by the oystermen.

#### CORNERING THE TRADE.

But now the unexpected, the totally unlooked for, occurred. Not only did Andrews get all the oysters for which he had to pay, but he literally got all the oyster trade of El Paso, a city of 30,000 people. This was because the natural sea-flavor of the oysters which came in those packages was fully conserved instead of being diluted and carried off by repeated washings with melted ice-water and they were uncontaminated by extraneous influences. The consumers of El Paso quickly discovered the superiority of Andrews's oysters, the news was spread, and his trade grew until it was openly stated by other dealers that "Andrews, with his new-fangled shipping package, has cornered all the oyster business of this town." He had surely builded much better than he knew.

In 1897, or thereabouts, a certain wide-awake man was live stock agent for the Santa Fe railroad, with headquarters in his home town, Albuquerque, New Mexico. He frequently went to El Paso and,

on one of his trips, he was told of the new way of handling oysters. He was interested because he owned a meat market in Albuquerque and thought it might be a good idea to secure the right to use those packages for his own oyster shipments; so he located Andrews and, after many discussions, obtained the right. The natural thing followed. His son, in Albuquerque, destined to be the head of the future oyster trust, immediately saw that this package could be put into universal use in the oyster trade, general rights were negotiated for and secured, and it was not long before the young man was pioneering over the country, carrying a full sized sample of the package, endeavoring to interest oystermen in the new device. The way was long, the work hard, and many a discouragement came his way; but he was made of the right stuff, so he persisted until he succeeded in interesting two growers who saw part of the possibilities of the new package. Thus the business began to be national in its scope.

Gradually, as success came to the original shippers, others came in, until the new company had connections in every oyster-growing region, from Connecticut waters to the Gulf of Mexico; for these oysters were good and consumers wanted more of them. Their fame was abroad in the land.



Typical Oyster Wharf showing Shell Pile.



A Blue Point's Wharf and Packing House

## FORMATION OF THE TRUST.

Up to this point the new concern was a transportation company, pure and simple. Its packages were used under a commission arrangement by the various shippers who paid so much on each gallon shipped. The company advertised and took orders for the product of the shippers, who paid nothing except on goods actually sold; a splendidly helpful, assuring, mutually beneficial arrangement.

But now the trade-mark of the company was widely known, its business well established and there was some money in its treasury. Fortune opened the way for the first departure from its exclusive transportation field of endeavor. In 1906 a fine oyster property was offered the young manager for about half its value and the company thus acquired its first holdings of oyster growing ground; some 4,500 acres of fine bottoms in Long Island Sound, and among the little bays and inlets on the north shore of Long Island. This purchase carried an established oyster business. The event stirred up some protest from the allied oystermen but, as the product of the purchased plant was only about three per cent of the company's annual distribution, the protest was lulled to sleep.

The co-operative plan of distribution might have continued indefinitely but for two things: The human tendency to

overreach a present advantage and the newly-aroused public interest in pure foods.

The overreaching was on the part of shippers who did not play fair, but sought to use the packages of the company without payment of the per gallonage charge. They resorted to devious trickery to avoid such payment. As this effort, if successful, would have ruined the company through depriving it of income, it was vital that the fraud be circumvented.

Public interest in pure foods, which had been largely intensified by the company's advertising propaganda, was now so keen that no plan which merely assured the proper handling and transportation of oysters would satisfy food commissioners and the more enlightened consumers. It was necessary to go farther back than that to be able to guarantee the purity of the waters wherein oysters were grown.

So to guard against trickery on the one hand and satisfy the public on the other, it was necessary that the company should own producing bottoms not only for present supplies but to provide for future development.

The time to strike soon arrived; in fact, the fates seemed to play into the young manager's hands. The total shipments had reached 1,000,000 gallons a season, so it could readily be shown to New York and Boston capitalists, always on the look-

out for promising industries to "organize," that here was a coming "world business" which, in its present stage of development, was about ready for their work. The young manager realized these conditions and grasped the opportunity.

## IN THE OYSTER BEDS.

Great South Bay, on the south shore of Long Island, is the home of the aboriginal Blue Point oyster. It was off the little cape or headland, called Blue Point, that oysters were first discovered in those waters. Of course, it is generations since the aboriginals, absolutely uncultivated and uncultured, disappeared; but here, as elsewhere, the character of the waters makes the character of the oysters grown therein. It is also true that cultivation really improves oyster quality, so Blue Points of to-day are superior in size and flavor to the aboriginal product.

The shores of the bay were settled upon long ago by a colony of Dutchmen. These men worked the oyster beds in a trifling, incidental sort of way, sometimes paying the Smiths a rental but mostly not, since there was little fitted demand for oysters and the bottoms were not considered very valuable. From this loose, unregulated manner of working the bottoms arose the legal tangle and protracted litigation which culminated in the sale of the property. Succeeding generations of farmers took oysters free of charge, more or less, until about 1880 when the demand suddenly became settled and strong. Then the Smiths demanded fixed rentals while the farmers whose fathers had always enjoyed free use of the Bay could not be made to recognize the Smith rights in the property. The legal fight lasted over twenty-five years. Meantime, the farmers realized good prices for Blue Points shipped in the shell to New York and elsewhere; but only oysters with shells of attractive shape will do for such trade. Oysters with crooked shells, in every way so desirable as food and of flavor as delicate as the others, must be opened and sent to bulk-oyster markets, generally situated at inland points. These oysters brought only meagre returns, often barely enough to cover the cost of handling, until the new way of shipping was established. After that the grovers realized much better returns from their oyster beds.

## WERE TRUST BUSTERS.

Beginning in 1908, the young manager tried to organize these men to the end that they might realize still better returns from their oyster-farms, while at the same time, he would absolutely control distribution for many years to come. While on the face of it this would look like a selfish and monopolistic proposal, it was in fact basically co-operative, and had the oystermen fallen in with the plan they would still be growing oysters on their own leased grounds, operating more securely and more profitably than ever. The disposal of their product would have been skillfully organized on modern scientific lines in hands so capable that they would not have had to give that important end of their business any thought or attention whatever. But they could not be brought to see these promised benefits. All they could see was the good that would result to the budding oyster trust. They were humanly forgetful of, or blinded by, the fact that great benefits must be reciprocal; that to get you must give; hence they declined to be organized. It was evident that something like "benevolent assimilation" was the only alternative, for changed conditions, difficulties, obstacles were not going to put this young man out of the oyster business. He had traveled the road too far for that and he would find a way out now.

During the later years of the Smith tenure these Bay oystermen had leased the bottoms for periods of three to five years, paying about one dollar, annually, per acre. This arrangement was good for the Smiths, who had paid nothing for the



Modern Hygienic Packing Room.



Some Indications of Ice Troubles on Great South Bay.

bottoms and in this way got a fair return on their value; and it was good for the oystermen because it gave them the grounds for a moderate rental. It happened that most of the leases expired in the Spring of 1910, some few in the Spring of 1911, and one or two have not yet expired. This fact caused the oystermen no uneasiness. It had been a periodical occurrence during all their experience and that of their fathers. They

thought nothing of it except that they must renew, as they had always done.

#### How Trusts Got Bays.

But the young manager also had this information; and when the oystermen finally indicated that his plans for combination, under the wing of the new trust, did not appeal to them, he set about quietly to acquire those grounds in fee. Conditions were very favorable to his plans

for new difficulties confronted the Smiths. They had just succeeded in legally establishing their ownership in the bottoms when questions of dockage and channel rights arose, some of which were decided against them. Not being able to see where these troubles might lead to, they decided to sell for the first fair offer. So, with a little outside aid and the exercise of some subtle diplomacy, the young manager might acquire the bottoms; and the early termination of so many leases would give him immediate use of thousands of acres, with more ground annually coming under his control. The help was forthcoming and the deal was made before the leases knew anything about what was going on.

Thus it suddenly transpired that the fee of those historic bottoms had passed away from the Smith family, changing ownership for the first time in over 240 years. The purchase made it patent to everybody in the oyster business that here was a new and powerful factor that henceforth must be taken into account. Here were already nearly 20,000 acres "under one hat," and this in itself was about the largest single holding in the world.

#### A NOTABLE OUP.

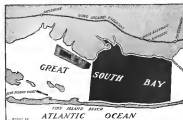
The rent was "easy." Capital immediately awakened to the opportunity. The company which, in 1908, was capitalized at \$500,000, with less than \$400,000 outstanding, was increased to one of \$2,500,

000 capital. Then Connecticut and Rhode Island bottoms, producing Sound and Narragansett oysters, 6,000 acres in extent, were purchased. Then came acreage in Gardner's Bay, whence come Greenport oysters; then Princess Bay, where grow New York Counts; then Jamaica Bay, where grow the Rockaways; then Cape Cod Bay, where the "mussy-flavored" Cape Cods come from. By the time all this was accomplished—and it came about in less than a year after the Blue Point purchase—the company was capitalized at \$4,500,000; had upwards of 45,000 acres of the choicest "setting" and mounding ground in the world; had opening houses and shipping stations in the best strategical locations; owned a fleet of 40 to 45 oyster boats, ranging from the small schooner to some of the finest steam and gasoline craft afloat; and the youngest and latest "organizer" resided.

Such, in briefest outline, is the history of a development which started one way and which changing conditions shaped into altogether a different finale. Also, this is the story of a coup which was put over by a modest-appearing but very self-opportunist had knocked steadily for many years. It is an old story that the stammerer sees and gathers unto himself the diamonds lying neglected pebbles about our doorstep, which our children have been using as playthings.



Map of Great South Bay, Long Island.



Great South Bay. Shaded black shows portion absorbed by the Trust.

# By the 'Loop Line

By

Jean Milne

Green Street, London, W.

To Francis Laing, Esq.,  
Black's Club, St. James', S.W.

DEAR MR. LAING,—

Very many thanks for your note and the book: "Railways Past, Present and Future." I shall read it with great interest and hope to understand it after our long talk on the subject. You must tell me more of your part in the proposed new line from Smyrna, when we meet at Dovercourt next week. Till then, as regards,

Your sincerely, ELIZABETH SEYMOUR.

Dovercourt, Kent.

DEAR FRANK,—

After you took yourself and your plans off to dusty old London I felt quite lonely. There isn't a congenial soul amongst the new crowd here. The men all say the same thing in different ways and the girls are all busy giving opportunities. They can talk about nothing beyond other women's complexion and their own frocks. Thank goodness you never told me "my lips would tempt a saint" or that "my eyes would draw a sinner out of hell." If you had I should have hated you. You are the only man I've ever met who spoke to me as if I were a seeing, thinking, understanding human being and not a talking doll that you knew would say certain things and could say nothing else.

I do hope you will get your business settled satisfactorily and that the Syndicate will see things from your point of view. Smyrna is a long way off and I shall miss my new friend, but your letters will always be interesting, and your

progress a pleasure to read of. You deserve to get on because you think of nothing but your work. I am so glad you will be able to manage another month at Dovercourt before you start. Wishing you luck and a speedy, satisfactory settlement.

I remain, your friend, ELIZABETH.

Dovercourt, Kent.

DEAR FRANK,—

First of all my best congratulations. I'm sure they could get no better man to undertake the work.

I must say that I was a little astonished that you did not come back to Dovercourt at once—mother expected you—and very much so to hear that you thought it necessary to bore yourself by taking Cynthia Curre to a theatre. In August too! It's absurd! Surely there isn't one open. I appreciate the influence her father has exerted on your behalf and, as you say, one must not forget these things, but Sir John was the one to take out—I'm sure he wouldn't have gone or kept you steering in London after your business was settled. Cynthia is such an idiot, with her would-be playful ways and that innate little laugh which tinkles out on the slightest provocation. I suppose some stupid man has told her it is musical. I can't think how you can bother with her, Frank; she wouldn't know a railway plan from a—oh anything! A rivederci. E.

P.S.—Wire what train you will be down with to-morrow. Not that it matters a bit, but mother might think it strange if you don't. She is rather fussy about these little things.

Dovercourt, Kent.

DEAREST,—

How did it all happen? I can't think, and I don't want to say more. I just want to feel, feel, feel, and most of all I want to feel your dear arms round me once again. It was cruel your having to go away just when we discovered that we loved each other. And just to build a stupid railway in some outlandish place.

I had been thinking and dreaming all my youth away; thank goodness I woke up before you left. Love is the alpha and omega of existence and people only say they don't believe in it when they can't get it. I look in my glass and rejoice in everything that is kind or nice and pretty about me. Only because it's for you dear, all for you.

I used to have quaint ideas about platonic friendship, didn't I? After all, flirting is just pretending to be in love and platonic friendship is pretending not to be; both rather difficult and not worth while.

Thank you for sending me the additional plans, dear; I struggled hard to understand, and even thought of them when I was in bed, but the stupid devil lines of steel gradually evolved themselves into two long living arms, just as strong, which crept round me drawing me close and more close and then—I went to sleep happy. It is difficult to concentrate your thoughts on railways when you are sleepy, isn't it?

Write me a long loving letter soon. I'll learn it by heart and shut my eyes and play pretend. It will be almost like having you here talking to me. But I suppose it's no good asking you, because you are one of those dear old stupid who think a plain statement of fact is sufficient. And having once made it clear that you love me you think that is sufficient for all time. But it isn't, my Frankie boy. Women want to be told again and again, so please remember this after your railway has run on for a paragraph or so.

I think perhaps I had better hunt up a little of that common sense I used to be so proud of, it seems as if I am getting morbid. I don't care what happens. I've had my day of days and nothing can take that from me. Things are never quite the same again. Even you will be changed a weeny bit when I see you

again (try not to be, please) and I—oh well, that's different—I could never change where you are concerned and will always be.

Your loving, longing little BETTY.

P.S.—I hope the work is going on well because I want you to make a name for yourself and come home quickly and give it to me.

P.S. again.—Enclosed is a tiny slip of paper with something very sweet on it. Please carry it about with you in a safe place. It will remind you of the little girl far away when there are other little girls quite near. A sort of insurance policy.

Dovercourt, Kent.

DEAREST FRANK,—

Thanks so much for your long grumpy letters. But I cannot understand your saying that mine have fallen off in length and niceness since I wrote that first love letter.

Haven't I told you everything I do and say, almost what I eat? First of all you say I don't write enough, then you say that "two pages about the Sunday School treat, the brats and the new curate is a bit thick." You see, you are not consistent. It is an insult to me to say that even in my "clever days" I "wasn't interested in parish work, brats and curates;" it is extremely bad form to talk of my friend and fellow worker in such a disrespectful manner. Mr. Eardsleigh is very earnest in his work and he's just as big and manly as you are, and he does not "spend all his days talking to old women and going around to tea fights," as you vulgarly put it. You are really quite coarse.

He inspires one with respect and confidence and, what is perhaps more to the point, energy to work hard for the benefit of mankind. I'm hurt and disgusted with you! One would think you would be delighted to know my time is spent in doing good and making other people happy. I can't stand or understand selfish people.

Of course, dear old Frank, I love you very much and I wouldn't hurt you for the world, but it doesn't do to be selfish in our love and I must think of others a little bit; I've got such a lot of wasted

and mispent time to make up. Mr. Eardeleigh says I'm just a gleam of sun shine—to the old people in the village. They do seem to like me, the dear old things.

I thought you would be proud of, not cross with.

Your little BETTY.

Dovercourt, Kent.

DEAR FRANK,—

Your letter was disgusting! How dared you remind me of that piece of paper you carry about with you. I shudder to think I could have written what you say and you show a lamentable lack of nice-mindedness in telling me about it. Please destroy it and that hateful love letter you are always talking about; my cheeks burn to think I ever thought such things even.

The fact of the matter is, I was under your influence at the time, and it was not a good one. You played on my imagination. And imagination is a most pernicious thing to indulge in. Really, Frank, we are not a bit suited to each other, so we had better end the engagement that we drifted into for want of something better to do. That is the reason of half the evil in the world—no occupation, want of "something better to do." Thank heaven I am a very busy woman these days.

I have decided to go to a Settlement in London. I don't quite know what that is, but there is a lot of good work to be done there and much self-denial to practice.

Mr. Eardeleigh is giving up his work here and has kindly promised me a position on the staff at Eastchapel.

I am selling my jewelry and fussy dresses for the benefit of the Settlement, and am just having the simplest of grey frocks with white embroidered collars and cuffs. Whatever I undertake to do, I like to do well. And, as I'm giving up the World, the Flesh, the Devil and You, there is no good in keeping smart things and trinkets. By the way, I am selling your ring too. It would be no use to you and it wouldn't be quite nice of you to give it to my successor. I think Cynthia Carew would be very suitable; I hear she

writes to you occasionally, and if you marry her, the very first one to wish you joy will be,

Your old friend, ELIZABETH SEYMOUR.

The Settlement, Eastchapel.

FRANK, DEAR,—

Do you think we could ever be friends again? Real friends, I mean. I'm so lonely here. The Settlement is just a settlement of dirt, and I have to get up at five o'clock and I can't have a tub. The water is icy! You remember I never could go in the sea even, unless the sun was strong on it to take the chill off.

If we have marmalade on our bread we can't have butter too—anyway the butter isn't butter, so when you have it you don't want it. There are other things very uncomfortable too.

They took away my sweet little grey frock—it did suit me—and wouldn't let me put kinks in my hair. I didn't want anything unsuitable, just large flat waves either side of a parting. I was always quite frank and never did pretend my hair was naturally curly.

They have taken away my illusions too. The poor women aren't a bit like the poor at Dovercourt who used to "bob" so nicely when I passed and dust an already speckled chair when I called. One horrid coarse creature here said: "Go 'ome and look haffer your own kids and don't come a hinterfering with mine." I'm quite sure the old beast knew I wasn't married too. And I was subjected to this abuse simply because I suggested—in the sweetest possible manner, you know I couldn't be dictatorial at all—that if she washed the little thing's face it might be able to see out of its eyes and she could probably find its mouth and feed it. Isn't that sort of ingratitude enough to put one off giving kindly advice? And I've struggled bravely with this sort of thing for many months. It seems years.

I'm afraid I'm constitutionally unsuited to the straight and narrow path, and have come to the conclusion that Duty is a much overrated virtue. When I think of the way I gave you up—you who wanted me and understood me so well—I think it is a positive self-indul-

gence and vice. Don't you agree with me, Frankie, dear?

How circumstances alter words. When you answered my horrid letter you said something which I resented awfully and which is now my only comfort; in fact I cling to it with my whole heart and soul and it is just that which gave me the courage to write this letter. You said:—"Please yourself, I can't bother my head over the phases of a neurotic woman. They pass." Of course, darling, I'm not neurotic, and I know you don't think I am, but I'll own to the

"phases." You were the first and you'll be the last, won't you?

Do write soon and tell me you will forgive and forget everything unpleasant. I so long to hear that you've suit a tiny corner in your heart for such a sad little Betty.

P.S.—You can't marry Cynthia Carew because Mr. Eardeleigh married her last week. She is full of money and gives a guinea a year to the Settlement with lots of advice as to how the week should be done by others. I never liked that girl.



## BEYOND THE HILLS

Beyond the hills, where I have never strayed,  
I know a green and beautiful valley lies,  
Dotted with sunny nook and forest glade,

Where clear, calm lakes reflect the sapphire skies;  
And through the vale's deep heart a river grand  
Draws toward its home, fed by ten thousand rills  
From fresh, pure springs; it blesses all the land—  
Beyond the hills.

Beyond the hills, while here I faint from strife,  
Are quiet homes that soothe men's minds to rest;  
And peace and justice and the simple life,  
With love pervading all, with knowledge blessed.  
Life's purest joys and dearest hopes are there,  
Unknown are sleepless cares and needless ills;  
And men are loyal, and women true and fair—  
Beyond the hills.

Beyond the hills I yet shall surely go—  
Some day I'll cross the farthest barren height,  
And rest in dreamy forest glades, and know  
Those placid lakes, and see the morning light  
Silver the mighty river; and, to me,  
The sweetest hope that now my senses thrills  
Is of that land a haven to be—  
Beyond the hills.

By John E. Dolan, in "The Outlook."



# Education in Reading

By

Dr. Orison Swett Marden

*Carlyle said that a collection of books is a university. What a pity that the thousands of ambitious, energetic men and women who missed their opportunities for an education at the school age, and feel crippled by their loss, fail to catch the significance of this, fail to realize the tremendous cumulative possibilities of that great life-improver, that admirable substitute for a college or university education—reading.*

A FEW books well read, and an intelligent choice of those few—these are the fundamentals for self-education by reading.

"Reading furnishes us only with the materials of knowledge," said John Locke; "it is thinking that makes what we read ours."

In order to get the most out of books, the reader must be a thinker. The mere acquisition of facts is not the acquisition of power. To fill the mind with knowledge that cannot be made available is like filling our houses with furniture and bric-a-brac until we have no room to move about.

Many people have an idea that if they keep reading everlastingly, if they have a book in their hands during every leisure moment, they will, of necessity, become full-rounded and well-educated. This is a mistake. It is even more necessary to think.

Some of the biggest numskulls I know are always cramming themselves with knowledge, everlastingly reading. But they never think. When they get a few minutes' leisure they snatch a book and go to reading. In other words, they are always eating intellectually, but never digesting their knowledge or assimilating it.

Elmesth Barrett Browning says, "We suffer by reading too much, and out of proportion to what we think. I should be wiser, I am persuaded, if I had not read half as much; should have had stronger and better exercised faculties, and should stand higher in my own appreciation."

No one better illustrates what books will do for a man, and what a thinker will do with his books, than Gladstone, who was always far greater than his career. He rose above Parliament, reached out beyond politics, and was always growing. He had a passion for intellectual expansion. His peculiar gifts undoubtedly fitted him for the church, or he would have made a good professor at Oxford or Cambridge, but circumstances led him into the political arena, and he adapted himself readily to his environment. He was an all-round well-read man, who thought his way through libraries and through life.

What you get out of a book is not necessarily what the author puts into it, but what you bring to it. If the heart does not lead the head, if the thirst for knowledge, the hunger for a broader and deeper culture, are not the motives for reading, you will not get the most out of a book. But, if your thirsty soul drinks in the writer's thought as the parched soil ab-

sorbs rain, then your latent possibilities and the potency of your being, like delayed germs and seeds in the soil, will spring forth into new life. Never go to a book you wish to read for a purpose, if you can possibly avoid it, with a tired, jaded mentality. If you do, you will derive nothing from it.

To get the most from your reading you must read with a purpose. To sit down and pick up a book listlessly, with no aim except to pass away time, is demoralizing. It is much as if an employer were to hire a boy, and tell him he could start when he pleased in the morning, work when he felt like it, rest when he wanted to, and quit when he got tired!

What can give greater satisfaction than reading with a purpose, and that consciousness of a broadening mind that follows it; the consciousness that we are pushing ignorance, bigotry, and whatever clouds the mind and hampers progress a little further away from us?

When you read, read as Macaulay did, as Carlyle did, as Lincoln did—as did every great man who has profited by his reading—with your whole soul absorbed in what you read, with such intense concentration that you will be oblivious of everything else outside of your book.

If you want to develop a delightful form of enjoyment, to cultivate a new pleasure, a new recreation which you have never before experienced, begin to read good books, good periodicals, regularly every day. Do not tire yourself by trying to read a great deal at first. Read a little at a time, but read some every day, no matter how little. If you are faithful you will soon acquire a taste for reading—the reading habit; and it will, in time, give you infinite satisfaction, unalloyed pleasure.

One great benefit of taste for reading and access to the book world, is the service it renders as a diversion and a solace.

"A book may be a perpetual companion. Friends come and go; but the book may beguile all experiences and enchant all hours."

If a person is discouraged or depressed by any great bereavement or suffering, the quickest and the most effective way of restoring the mind to its perfect balance, to its normal condition, is to immerse it in a sane atmosphere, an uplifting, encourag-

ing, inspiring atmosphere, and this may always be readily found in the best books. I have known people who were suffering under the most painful mental anguish, from losses and shocks which almost unbalanced their minds, to be completely revolutionized in their mental state by the suggestive power which came from becoming absorbed in great books.

What a great thing to be able to get away from ourselves, to fly away from the harassing, humiliating, discouraging, depressing things about us, to go to a world of beauty, joy and gladness!

"Of the things which man can do or make here below," it was said by the Sage of Chelston, "by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy are the things we call books! Those poor bits of rag-paper with black ink on them; from the daily newspaper to the sacred Hebrew Book, what have they not done, what are they not doing?"

Who can ever be grateful enough for the art of printing; grateful enough to the famous authors who have put their best thoughts where we can enjoy them at will? There are some advantages of intercourse with great minds through their books over meeting them in person. The best of them lives in their books, while their disagreeable peculiarities, their idiosyncrasies, their objectionable traits are eliminated. In their books we find the authors at their best. Their thoughts are selected, winnowed in their books. Book friends are always at our service, never annoy us, rasp or nudge us. No matter how nervous, tired, or discouraged we may be, they are always soothing, stimulating, uplifting.

We may call up the greatest writer in the middle of the night when we cannot sleep, and he is just as glad to be with us as at any other time. We are not excluded from any book or corner in the great literary world; we can visit the most celebrated people that ever lived without an appointment, without influence, without the necessity of dressing or of observing any rules of etiquette. We can drop in upon a Milton, a Shakespeare, an Emerson, a Longfellow, a Whitier without a moment's notice and receive the warmest welcome.

The lover of good books can never be very lonely; and, no matter where he is,

be can always find pleasant and profitable occupation and the best of society when he quits work.

"You get into society, in the widest sense," says Geikie, "in a great library, with the huge advantage of needing no introduction, and not dressing repulse. From that great crowd you can choose what companions you please, for in the silent leaves of the immortals there is no pride, but the highest is at the service of the lowest, with a grand humility. You may speak freely with any, without a thought of your inferiority; for books are perfectly well bred, and hurt no one's feelings by any discriminations."

"A book is good company," said Henry Ward Beecher. "It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pursues you never. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures, of leaf, or dress, or mineral, or even of books. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even for the hire of love. And yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself, and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transformation there, until the outward book is but a body and its soul and spirit are flown to you, and possess your memory like a spirit."

"I know of nothing else which will enlarge one's ideals and lift one's life standards more than the study of the lives of great and noble characters; the reading of biographies of great men and women."

"Abroad, it is impossible for me to avoid the society of fools. In my study, I can call up the ablest spirits, the learnedest philosophers, the wisest counsellors, the greatest generals, and make them serviceable to me," says Sir William Walker.

If youths learn to feed on the thoughts of the great men and women of all times, they will never again be satisfied with the common or low; they will never again be content with mediocrity; they will aspire to something higher and nobler.

There are books that have raised the ideals and materially influenced entire nations. Who can estimate the value of books that spur ambition, that awaken slumbering possibilities?

Thousands of people have found themselves through the reading of some book which has opened the door within them

and given them the first glimpse of their possibilities. I know men and women whose lives have been molded, the entire trend of their careers completely changed, uplifted beyond their fondest dreams, by the good books they have taken time to read.

The books which we handle most often and value the highest are great tell-tales of our tastes and our ambition. A stranger could write a pretty good biography of a man he had never seen by careful examination and analysis of his reading matter.

Read, read, read all you can. But never read a bad book or a poor book. Time is too precious, to spend it in reading anything but the best.

In our reading we can take, in secret, the poison which kills, or we can drink in encouragement and inspiration which bids us look up. The poison in some books is extremely dangerous, because so subtle, the evil is often pointed to look like good. Beware of books which, though they may not contain a single bad word, yet reek with immoral suggestions.

Read books which make you think more of yourself and believe in yourself and in others. Beware of books that shake your confidence in your fellow-man. Read constructive books, books that are builders; avoid those that tear down. Beware of authors who sap your faith in men and your respect for womanhood, who shake your faith in the sanctity of the home and scoff at religion, who undermine sense of duty and moral obligation.

"When I consider," says James Freeman Clarke, "what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing, how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal of life to those whose homes are hard and cold, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring down truths from heaven—I give eternal blessings for this gift."

Many a discouraged soul has been re-freshed, re-invigorated, has taken on new life by the reading of a good romance. I recall a hit of fiction, called "The Magic Story," which has helped thousands of discouraged souls, given them new hope, new life, when they were ready to give up the struggle.

"Cultivate the habit of reading something good for ten minutes a day," says Charles W. Eliot. "Ten minutes a day will in twenty years make all the difference between a cultivated and an uncultivated mind, provided you read what is good. I mean by the good the proved treasures of the world, the intellectual treasures of the world in story, verse, history, and biography."

Nothing else will more quickly injure a good mind than familiarity with the frivolous, the superficial. Even though they may not be actually vicious, the reading of books which are not true to life, which carry home no great lesson, teach no sane or healthful philosophy, but are merely written to excite the passions, to stimulate a morbid curiosity, will ruin the best minds in a very short time. It tends to destroy the ideals and to ruin the taste for all good reading.

Aside from reading fiction, books of travel are of the best for mental diversion; then there are nature studies, and science and poetry—all affording wholesome recreation, all of an uplifting character, and some of them opening up study specialties of the highest order, as in the great range of books classified as Natural Science.

The readers who do not know the Concord philosopher Emerson, and the great writers of antiquity, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, and Plato, have pleasures to come.

To become familiar with Tennyson and Shakespeare and the brilliant catalogue of British poets is in itself a liberal education. Rolfe's Shakespeare is in handy volumes, and so edited as to be most service. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," of the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language, was edited with the advice and collaboration of Tennyson. His "Children's Treasury" of lyrical poetry is most attractive. Emerson's "Parnassus," and Whittier's "Three Centuries of Song" are excellent collections of the most famous poems of the ages.

Most of the best literature in every line to-day appears in the current periodicals, in the form of short articles. Many of our greatest writers spend a vast amount of time in the drudgery of travel and investigation, in gathering material for these articles, and the magazine publishers pay thousands of dollars for what a reader can

get for ten or fifteen cents. Thus the reader secures for a trifle in periodicals or books the results of months and often years of hard work and investigation of our greatest writers.

"No entertainment is so cheap as reading," says Mary Wortley Montagu; "nor any pleasure so lasting." Good books elevate the character, purify the taste, take the attractiveness out of low pleasures, and lift us upon a higher plane of thinking and living.

Arranged in the order of their popularity, as decided by the readers of the *Literary News* some years ago, the following are the world's ten best novels:

David Copperfield .....	Dickens
Ivanhoe .....	Scott
Adam Bede .....	Eliot
The Scarlet Letter .....	Hawthorne
Vanity Fair .....	Thackeray
Jane Eyre .....	Bronte
Uncle Tom's Cabin .....	Stowe
The Newcomers .....	Thackeray
Les Misérables .....	Victor Hugo
John Halifax, Gentleman .....	Mulock-Craig

The ten next best novels, as decided by the same constituency, and constituting, with the foregoing list of ten, the world's most popular twenty, are:

Kenilworth .....	Scott
Henry Esmond .....	Thackeray
Romola .....	George Eliot
The Last Days of Pompeii .....	Lytton
Middlemarch .....	Eliot
The Marble Faun .....	Hawthorne
Pendennis .....	Thackeray
Hyppatia .....	Charles Kingsley
The House of Seven Gables .....	Hawthorne
The Mill on the Floss .....	George Eliot

"It is a grand thing to read a good book—it is a grander thing to live a good life—and in the living of such life is generated the power that defies age and its decadence."

"It is not in the library, but in yourself," says Fr. Gregory, "in your self-respect and your consciousness of duty nobly done—that you are to find the 'Fountain of Youth,' the 'Elixir of Life,' and all the other things that tend to preserve life's freshness and bloom."

# Perils of Night

By

William Hugo Pabke

IT was with a decided sense of relief that Ethel Merriman waved farewell to an absurdly anxious cluster of female relatives on the rooding pier. She had elected to make the trip from Montreal to Quebec by boat. Notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of her aunts, she had overborne their objections, and she was starting on her first journey that was unhampered by a chaperone.

She leaned over the steamer's rail and called in her clear, high voice: "Good-bye, Aunties all!"

The words had a sound of finality, and seemed to end definitely a period of her life that had been, perhaps, too much the property of her family.

Forgetting, for the moment, her promise to go to her stateroom immediately, she yielded to the temptation of the hurry and bustle on deck, and sat for a time in a sequestered nook, quietly enjoying the human elements fusing into the heterogeneous mass called the passenger list. It was all so new to her—this freedom to make mental comments on the people around her, undisturbed by the usual running accompaniment of her Aunt Clara's complaints about everything in general and nothing in particular, and her Aunt Violet's puttering commands. How they had unwittingly squeezed the zest out of former journeys! She loyally put the thought from her. She loved her aunts dearly; but, nevertheless, she determined to enjoy to the full her unwonted respite from interference.

Her interest flitted butterfly fashion from one fellow passenger to another. It finally settled on a tall figure seated near her, garbed in a nun's black draperies. So

absolutely still was the Sister that she gave the impression of resting after great fatigue.

Ethel realized with a twinge of conscience that it was growing late. She suddenly remembered her promise, and arose to go to her stateroom. As she passed the nun, a small book of prayer fell from her limp hand to the deck.

Ethel stooped quickly. "Please, you dropped this," she said.

There was no response from the dark figure.

Bending slightly, Ethel saw that the nun's eyes were closed. She quietly placed the book in the Sister's lap and turned toward the companion-way.

As soon as Ethel's back was turned, the sleeper opened her eyes and threw a quick glance in the direction of the departing girl. Her brows contracted sharply, then she closed her eyes again, and, to all appearances was fast asleep.

On reaching her stateroom, Ethel opened her satchel, and taking out a novel, climbed into a berth, propped herself on her elbow, and began to read, unconsciously listening meanwhile to the all-pervading ship-board sounds.

She had read but a few moments when a timid knock sounded at the door. Springing up, she opened it, and beheld the nun standing before her, a tall, gaunt figure with shoulders bent beneath a weight of weariness.

"May I speak with you a moment? May I come in?" asked the nun in a voice so low-pitched that it was hardly intelligible.

Without acquiescing, Ethel instinctively retreated.



"Good-bye, Aunties All!"

The man stepped over the brass-bound threshold and turned to close the door. Ethel saw that the tall figure no longer stopped, and a vague feeling of uneasiness crept over her. The visitor seemed to fill the room.

Ethel's heart seemed to stop beating. With a sickening sense of terror, she saw that the Sister of Charity was a woman.

Still facing the door, the man fumbled with one hand at the front of her robe. She pushed back her veil and then from her forehead the encircling band of white. She turned suddenly.

She was conscious of the gleaming barrel of a revolver before her eyes. She heard a voice as though at a great distance say tensely: "Not a word! Not a sound!"

She covered against the wall, trying to shut out the sight—no waken from her dream. Wave after wave of fear swept over her, numbing her faculties. She heard the voice again, and knew that it was a reality.

"Will you save my life?" the man was saying; "the life of a man done to death!"

His manner was fierce; but the words contained a note of pleading that caught Ethel's attention.

"Oh, who are you?" she cried. "What do you want with me?"

She opened her eyes, and saw that he was unscrewing the wooden cap of the electric call-bell. He crushed it in his hands, then tore the brass spring from the wall.

He turned toward her, saying: "Will you promise not to cry out? No harm shall come to you. Will you promise?"

"I promise," she said faintly.

He thrust his revolver beneath his robe, and came a step nearer. His face was drawn and haggard. Dark circles showed beneath his eyes. The eyes themselves evinced lack of sleep, and burned feverishly. With the hard lines of fatigue and mental strain eliminated, he would have looked very young.

He began in a low, well-modulated voice: "This is not my usual role—frightening defenseless women—nor one that I play with any great degree of pleasure." He straightened his shoulders and threw his head back proudly.

Ethel saw the little movement and welcomed it gladly. The situation seemed less desperate on account of it.

"I had to do it," he continued; "the instinct of self-preservation is pretty strong in all of us." He paced back and forth, his hands behind his back.

"I don't know how to begin without frightening you, and I don't want to do that," he said.

"But you are doing it. Oh, won't you leave me, please? Why are you here?" Ethel covered her face with her hands and sobbed bitterly.

"Listen," he said quietly. "I was convicted of murder and sentenced to be executed." His voice became hard.

"To-day, I escaped from prison—to-morrow, I was to have been—"

He stopped abruptly.

Ethel shrank back in horror.

"That's why I am here," he continued earnestly. "That's why I have thrown myself on your mercy. Will you save my life when I tell you that I am innocent?"

The convict's voice was pregnant with a compelling force that drew Ethel's glance in spite of her. She stood in silent misery for what seemed hours to them both. Suddenly she said, "But how can I know that you are not guilty of — of this fearful —"

"Wait," he interrupted; "if I can convince you that this charge is false—in fact, that I allowed myself to be convicted to shield some one very dear to me—will you aid me in making my escape? You are the one person in all the world who can help me."

There were sterner realities in the world than Ethel had ever dreamed were possible in her sheltered existence. She tried to evade the responsibility suddenly thrust upon her.

"Oh, why did you come to me?" she lamented. "Was there no one else who —"

"No, there wasn't," broke in the man, impatiently. "Your's is the only courtroom that isn't full. If you refuse to shelter me, I shall be arrested immediately, as I can give no account of myself. If I hold a conversation with any of the boat's officials, they will suspect. Help me—for God's sake—help me!" He held out his hands as if he begged his life of her.

Ethel knew intuitively that he was telling the truth. She knew also that she was the only one who could help him, and her

conscience upbraid her for cowardice. If he were innocent, should she refuse her aid, thereby sending him back to —. She checked the thought, recoiling from the horror of it. Conscience was an important factor in the Merriam make-up; cowardice was not.

She raised her head quickly. "Convince me," she said, looking straight into his eyes. "But I won't promise anything."

The man breathed a sigh of relief. "I'll begin at the beginning," he said, standing very tall and straight before her, his somber droopings suggesting an ascetic of old time. "My name is Ashton," he continued, "Walker Ashton."

As he spoke his name, Ethel noticed again the straightening of the shoulders and the slight, proud up-lift of the head. The mannerism classified him beyond all doubt, and Ethel felt her fears vanish little by little.

"We were all alone in the world," resumed Ashton; "my brother and I. Jack is the best fellow that ever lived—I wish you could meet him." He stopped, realising the incongruity of his remark. "I was his guardian, and a pretty easy time I had with the youngster. A more upright, manly, decent, sunny-tempered—well — perhaps I am prejudiced; I always did love the boy."

He entered college as I graduated. A year ago, he gave up his course to marry the sweetest girl you ever saw, just the one that I should have picked out for him had the choosing been left to me. But this must bore you? I always get enthusiastic when I talk about Jack and his affairs."

Ashton glanced solicitously at the girl who was listening with absorbed interest. She was beginning to forget herself in the story that he was telling with straightforward simplicity.

"I am interested," she said, relieving the tension of her position.

Ashton rested his shoulders against the door, and thought for a moment. "My fortune," he explained, "left me his entire fortune. He was an Englishman, and believed in primogeniture. He directed me to make an allowance to my brother. I often offered to share alike with Jack, but he always refused, saying, 'It wasn't the Governor's wish.'"

"Shortly after his marriage, he became imbued with the Canadian belief that making one's own living is imperative, although the allowance that I made him was ample to run his little establishment."

"He went into business with a classmate of his—a man named Verheim. I always detested this man Verheim. He was a half-bred something or other on his father's side, although his mother came of very good family. He was a brawler and a beast." Ashton's eyes flashed angrily and his fists doubled up until the knuckles showed white with the strain.

"It was then that the trouble began. Jack brought this Verheim—" Ashton spat the name out viciously—"this Verheim home with him. The scoundrel was attracted by Louise. He let himself go, and fell in love with her; that is, if such men ever do fall in love."

"Jack and Louise were such clean-living, clean-thinking, young ones that they never noticed. I lived at the club, and was never asked to Jack's when Verheim was to be there; they knew I couldn't bear him. But you're thinking that we are not nice people—that we are—well—just because that sad—"

"Really not. In fact, I am beginning to like your brother," said Ethel, startled out of a perplexed, distressed reverie born of the tragedy in Ashton's narrative.

"The day it happened," Ashton continued in a grave, slow manner, "Jack and I'd had a good, long chat in the afternoon at the club. He asked me to come home with him. I remember walking through the crowded streets in the gathering darkness. It was just before Christmas, and there was a holiday feeling in the air. Jack was full of plans for Louise's happiness; and, as we walked up his steps, he was dilating upon the supreme joy of having some one waiting for you when you come home."

Ethel was fascinated by its possibilities, and yet, dreading to hear the end of the story. Her heart was beating madly with excitement as Ashton narrated its crisis.

"As we entered the hall, we heard some one talking in Jack's study. We stopped a moment, then I recognized Verheim's voice, and then, Louise's; but the words were indistinguishable. I took another step, and heard Verheim ask—well—what

you'd expect a hound like him to ask a woman with whom he fancied himself in love. I looked at Jack, and there was death—grim death—in his eyes.

"We didn't have to wait long for Louise's answer; it came ringing out, just what you'd expect a pure, wholesome girl to answer to an insult.

"Jack crossed the threshold. Louise saw him, and gave a glad little cry of welcome. Verheim had his back to us and was so enraged that he neither heard nor saw. He put both hands on Louise's shoulders, and his fingers crept toward each other with a sinuous motion like a nest of snakes. Then, they gripped her throat.

"Jack took two or three running steps, and struck the brute a blow that laid open his ear as though it had been hit with a cleaver.

"Verheim fell heavily, seemingly stunned. Louise staggered toward the door; I ran to support her. Happening to glance in Verheim's direction, I cried, 'Quick, Jack!'

"He was drawing a pistol from his pocket in a dazed, helpless sort of way. Jack sprang, and grappled with him. There was a short, fierce struggle, a shot—and Jack arose, leaving him lying quite still."

Ashton wiped his brow on which the sweat glistened.

Ethel took a step toward him. "And then you—" she said in a strained whisper.

"Then I ordered Jack out of the house." "Oh!" gasped Ethel, her eyes wide with the thrill of the story.

"Jack wouldn't leave at first," said Ashton hurriedly, eager to shield his brother from criticism; "but I insisted, telling him to think of Louise. That decided him. He ran across the hall to her. A few moments later I heard the front door slam. Then, I waited—I don't know how long. People came, at last, and found me alone with— with him."

A long pause followed. Ethel tried to speak, but her voice failed.

Presently, Ashton said: "The rest was very simple; I didn't deny; I didn't affirm. They convicted me on circumstantial evidence.

"Jack came to see me as often as was permitted. We had some stormy scenes. The poor boy suffered more than I did. Final-

ly, he perfected his plans for my escape. He came yesterday, and brought me this disguise—and—that is all. My life is in your hands."

He looked toward the girl anxiously. She was thinking deeply, a saddened expression in her eyes that evidenced an acceptance of her responsibilities.

"You believe me?" queried Ashton.

"Yes, and I—I honor you."

"And you will help me?"

Ethel steadied herself with an effort. "I will do my part," she said finally. "And now," she continued, "what are you going to do? Your brother must bear his burden. You have borne it too long."

"Don't you exonerate Jack?" demanded Ashton in a quick, imperious manner.

"Entirely, and so would any jury."

"You really think so?" he exclaimed.

"Of course, I think so. His action was perfectly justifiable," said Ethel, fired with the enthusiasm of youth's rough justice.

"I don't wish to detract from what you did," she continued. "It was a high, fine thing—but, was it necessary?"

"Necessary?" repeated Ashton, vaguely. "It seemed so then."

"Of course it did. Oh, the horror of it all! It must have—it did prevent your thinking clearly. There need have been no danger for either of you."

The light of complete understanding dawned in Ashton's face. "This is what I have missed!" he cried—"the clear perception of some one not connected with the tragedy. You have shown me the light; I don't need to ask you to help me further. I'll go now—and my thanks will—"

A knock at the door interrupted him. Ethel paled. "Be quiet," she whispered. Then aloud, "Who is it?" "It's the purser. May I speak to you?"

Ethel motioned Ashton to a berth. He shook his head in refusal, but she repeated the gesture imperatively, and, with a shrug of his shoulders he obeyed.

Ethel opened the door a bare inch and stood screening the room from the gaze of her visitor.

"Have you been annoyed by any one, this evening?" asked the purser, a fussy, nervous little man.

"Annoyed? No. If I had been I would have reported it. Why do you ask?"

She tried desperately to keep cool. She

knew that when Ashton had offered to leave her room—practically to give himself up—he had not realized his danger. To-morrow or the next day he would be safe, but if he were re-taken that moment he would, in all probability, be made to pay the penalty for a crime that he had never committed.

"Well, you see," began the official, hesi-

taunted at the last moment. She is not on the passenger list." He stopped and cleared his throat nervously. "Have you seen her?" he asked suddenly.

Ethel felt that a crisis was imminent. She was certain that the purser must have seen the man enter her room. "Of course I've seen her," she announced calmly. "She is in my stateroom, asleep."



"Will you save my life?" the man was saying."

tantly, "we hear a rumor that a dangerous—that is—a suspicious character is at large, and there is always the possibility that he may be on this boat."

Ethel had no remark to offer, and maintained an interested silence.

"We have accounted for all our passengers," explained the purser, "with the exception of a man who must have come

The purser shot a quick look of suspicion at her—"I must see her," he said importantly.

"I don't quite understand why," said Ethel. "As you say, she came aboard without engaging a room, and feared that she would have difficulty in securing one. Fortunately, I met her on deck and invited her to share mine."

"But you don't know who she is—she might be—"

"I have known her for years," said Ethel, with a well-feigned contempt for his nervousness.

"Oh, that's all right then." The little man breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you, Miss—and good night."

When Ethel had locked the door and turned toward Ashton he was again on his feet.

"This is too much," he cried, "I can't accept all this—you—you wonderful girl!"

His emotion was the spur that Ethel needed to steady her nerves.

"You've got to accept it," she said crisply. "You are going to the other extreme now. You are belittling a real danger. To-night you're not safe. You won't be until you have communicated with your brother. You must remain in this room until we dock. You asked me to help you, and I did," she ended breathlessly.

After a pause, she raised her eyes to his, a wave of color flooding her face. "You can't leave now, after—after—"

"I understand," said Ashton, his voice hushed in reverence.

The next morning, Ethel walked slowly down the gang-plank. Ashton, his heavy veil shadowing his face, kept step with her. He was thinking earnestly of the girl at his side. A weight of sadness oppressed him. As they neared the parting of their ways, he stopped abruptly.

"I can't bear it," he murmured brokenly. "I can't bear to have you go out of my life like this."

Ethel turned her head quickly to hide the tell-tale light in her eyes.

"The end!" said Ashton with a great bitterness, gazing across the sunlit river that mocked him by its brightness. "The end?"

"Need it be?" breathed Ethel.



A trunk road near Hamilton. This is typical of what the National Highway would look like as it runs through the older parts of the country. The quiet beauty of the road is shared by arid forest trees and with well cultivated farms on either hand would be in strong contrast to the scenery in the Rockies or through the rough country of New Ontario.

## A National Highway

By

Brian Bellasis

### I WANT YOU, LITTLE WOMAN

I want you, little woman, when the blue is growing dark,  
And the building shadows stretch themselves across the City Park,  
When the sturdy Day is weary and goes away to rest  
With his forehead on the bosom of the Evening in the West.

I want you, little woman, when I wander sadly down  
To the sea-wall at the Battery—the Birthplace of the Town;  
Where the white waves and the warships in a dreary monotone  
Murmur, "Where is she, thy Lady, why walk you here alone?"

I want you, little woman, when the city lamps are lit  
And I see a happy couple where we were wont to sit,  
And I look my love within me and I wander home to sleep  
Where a man may play at childhood and the dear God lets him weep.

—By Frank Butler.

Canadians will realize more fully the true proportions of their country and the gigantic works which are planned for its development when they are told that among the latent "dreams" in this connection is a national highway from coast to coast, a roadway which, when completed, will be the longest in the world, covering a distance of 3,000 miles. Truly a marvelous dream. And yet it is one which may be realized, as will be seen by the reader after looking into the facts, figures and maps presented in this article, which sets forth in detail the features of this, the greatest of good roads movements.

"AND now we come to the broad road . . . See! the great road which is the backbone of all Hind. For the most part it is shaded, as here, with four lines of trees; the middle road—all hand—takes the quick traffic. In the days before the rail carriages the Sahibs trod up and down here in hundreds. Now there are only country cars and such like. Left and right is the rougher road for the heavy carts—grain, cotton and timber, lacson, lime and hides. A man goes in safety here for every few feet is a police station. . . . All kinds,

all castes of men move here. Look! Brahmins and chauries, bankers and tinkers, barbers and bunsias, pilgrims and potters—all the world going and coming. It is to me as a river from which I am withdrawn like a log after a flood.

"And truly the Grand Trunk Road is a wonderful spectacle. It runs straight, bearing without crowding India's traffic for fifteen hundred miles—such a river of life as exists nowhere else in the world."

Such is the first glimpse of the Grand Trunk Road of India given by Kipling to the reader of his "Kim." It is but



Compare this photo with the preceding one. This was taken on the new "Ice to Sudbury" trunk road which is now nearing completion. Decade's activity but with a certain persistence and a peculiar fascination.

one of several. Built by Sher Shah the great Afghan usurper, it was copied by the Mogul emperors, so that four or five such highways thread India from north to south and east to west, converging at Agra and Delhi, running to Burampur, Gokenda, Surat—linking together the scattered centres of an ancient civilization. Perhaps five thousand miles of road in all.

What ancient India has realized, new Canada is beginning to dream. A broad, well-metalled, well-kept road sweeping from sea to sea; a "river of life" through a country more wonderful in her way even than spectacular India.

It is a beautiful dream and worthy of realization for its very beauty. But—we are a practical people and we demand that our dreams shall pay fat dividends if they are to remain with us in our waking hours.

#### FROM COAST TO COAST.

It may be news to some people that there is an association in existence pledged to the realization of the dream. The Canadian Highway Association has been formed in British Columbia with the avowed object of furthering the scheme for a coast to coast road in every possible way. Although the organization is quite recent its members have already received considerable encouragement not only from the public but in official circles and they are full of confidence that a comparatively short time will see a definite beginning of the work.

The Canadian National Highway would start at Halifax, probably with a branch southward to St. John, and the first thousand miles would be comparatively simple—merely a matter of reconstruction. Through New Brunswick, Quebec, and old Ontario it would follow the existing highways—most of them old stage and post roads, some with a century or more of history at their backs. When, for example, in 1793 Lord Simcoe was hearing out the famous "Governor's Road" from London to Burlington—its link in a "National Highway" scheme of the time—there was already a good road in existence from Halifax to Montreal.

This ran by way of Truro, Amherst, Moncton and Campbellton across the provincial boundary to St. Flavie and thence by the south shore of the St. Lawrence as far as Quebec where it crossed the river before continuing to Montreal. This ancient road would probably be perpetuated in the "National Highway" though an alternative would be to take a shorter cross-country route along the new line of the G.T.R.

Toronto would be the end of this first thousand mile stage except for short branching continuations to such places as Windsor, Sarnia and Owen Sound.

From Toronto the highway would strike northward through the Muskoka country to Parry Sound; another two hundred miles of fairly easy going along roads which are at least sketched out already.

From Parry Sound there would be another hundred miles through rough and sparsely settled country to Sudbury, whence to the Soo the highway would follow the new trunk road between these points—an excellent road which should need little more improvement than the old stage roads farther east.

At the Soo the smoothly running dream gets jarred. It is a far cry to Port Arthur overland; a good four hundred miles of rocks and woods—chiefly rocks. The same obstacle which Lord Wolseley and his little army took months to overcome and caused a delay which lost many lives in the wild doings of '85. Heartbreaking country in which to build a road, and country in which, at first glance, it seems that a road would be of no particular use anyway.

There are no thickly populated farming districts for the road to serve; no towns and settlements worth mentioning to be linked up with one another. The highway would provide little, apparently but an interesting run through the wilderness for the long distance tourist.

Let us leave it at that for the time being. That the road can be of some service in this hopeless wilderness we can show later on. For the moment allow the highway to get through to Port Arthur.

Beyond Port Arthur there would be three hundred miles more of more or less difficult country with the highway swing-

ing slightly northward in order to skirt Lake of the Woods at Kenora. The easiest and more direct route round the southern end of the lake is barred by the international boundary.

#### THROUGH PRAIRIES AND MOUNTAINS.

Crossing the prairie provinces is simplicity itself. The road would simply follow the original route of the pioneer Red River carts of the 'sixties and 'seventies till it struck the foothills beyond Calgary. No more simplicity then. The Rockies are far more formidable an obstacle even than the Lake Superior region and a road through them must be a very sophisticated piece of engineering indeed.

It is difficult even to say what would be the best point of attack—Crow's Nest, Kicking Horse, or the break in the barrier farther north. At present there is a good road from Calgary as far as Banff—a road which was opened to automobiles for the first time during last summer—and possibly it could be continued along the line of the C.P.R.'s magnificent piece of engineering. Once clear of the Selkirk the Highway would soon connect with the excellent road systems which radiate from Kamloops, and the rest of the descent into Vancouver would be comparatively simple along roads for the most part made. Alberta in Vancouver Island is the terminus chosen for the Highway by the Highway Association.



Road-making equipment. There would be machinery such as this installed at regular intervals along the National Highway. British Columbia already possesses \$100,000 worth of the most up-to-date road-making machinery and the other provinces are also well provided.



The National Highway is the nothing. This shows the last stage of the conversion of an old-and bad-country road into an up-to-date, hard-surfaced highway. There would be a thousand miles of such conversions to carry out in the older provinces.

It is served locally by the finest roads in Canada—the work of the Royal Engineers.

A good deal of light will be shed on the subject next summer when Dr. Percival of New York, will try to win the gold medal offered to the first motorist making a continuous trip from Victoria, B. C. to Winnipeg. Unfortunately—though unavoidably under present conditions—the terms of the offer allow competitors to pass through Washington and Idaho, but whatever route Dr. Percival and the other probable competitors may elect to take, the information gained regarding mountain motor travel in those regions will be extremely valuable.

If any kind of road becomes practicable through any of the Canadian passes it would be one of the finest scenic roads in the world. It would be more beautiful even than the hill roads of India where the Himalayas are so huge, and awe-inspiring as sometimes to be almost repellent, and better by far than the self-conscious beauty of tourist-ridden Switzerland.

An extensive motor tour through part of the Dominion is down upon the Duke

of Connaught's programme for next summer. This means that he will be smothered with dust, covered with mud and jolted into semi-insensibility over some of the worst roads and through some of the loveliest scenery in the Empire. Just consider how different it would be if we could take the King's representative—or the King himself on his proposed visit in three year's time—through the same magnificent scenery, the same wonderful country,—with comfort. It is an axiom that you cannot see a country from a railway carriage; yet outside a railway carriage there is no hope for comfortable travel in present-day Canada.

#### A MARVELLOUS DREAM.

What a road the completed Highway would be! No other country in the world could show the like. It would pass through some of the richest, most closely cultivated farming country and some of the most savagely beautiful of untamed wildernesses in the world; it would rise and fall over the flower-crowned waves of the prairie's motionless ocean; it would curve and pant and struggle upwards through the Rockies till it slid winding

downwards through the orchards to Vancouver.

Four thousand miles of Canada and Canadians! Four thousand miles of the throbbing traffic of a nation in the making! A walk from end to end of the Highway would be a liberal education.

To judge of what the realization of this dream would mean in terms of practicality—what the road would cost, on what lines it could be built and maintained, what service it would render, and so on—it is necessary to glance at what already has been and is being done.

The systems employed by the various Provinces in connection with their roads differ considerably. They range from entirely Provincial control in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, to control by variously constituted boards, councils, and committees, and the different manifestations of the primitive principle of Statute Labor.

It would be necessary therefore either to ignore this medley of often conflicting ways and means altogether in the making of the Highway or to reform them and bring them into some degree of harmony. Obviously it would be impossible to have one bit of the Highway constructed by skilled Provincial Government Engineers and the next five hundred miles or so given up to the possibly zealous, but certainly amateur ministrations of a hundred backwoods pathmasters.

Reform is in sight. Towards better things dozens of "Good Roads" Associations and other bodies are working in every part of the Dominion. Their methods vary from pounding at the doors of Provincial Parliament Buildings to wheeling and endeavoring to educate prejudiced, conservative farmers on township councils. Nor are the Provincial Governments standing still. Strenuous efforts are being made to establish and make known certain general principles in connection with road making and to get these principles put into practice in whatever ways are most feasible.

#### GOOD ROADS PRINCIPLES.

These principles have been formulated by Mr. A. W. McLean, Provincial Highway Engineer for Ontario, in his last report on his Department, and he has shown how, in Ontario at any rate, every

one of them is violated under existing conditions and some of the other provinces make far worse fractures in the principles even than Ontario.

These are the seven basic features common to all good roads systems:—

(1) In no country has a general system of good roads been constructed by municipal effort alone.

(2) Good roads systems have been the result of special effort for first construction.

(3) Good roads systems, after construction, receive careful and systematic maintenance.

(4) Main and local roads are classified and distributed for construction and maintenance; no one local or National authority effectively controls all roads.

(5) General systems of good roads receive the supervision of technically trained men and a body of experienced superintendents and workmen.

(6) The cost of main, county and state roads is distributed over the whole population, rural and urban, and is not left as a charge upon the rural districts only.

(7) A central intelligence bureau for collecting and distributing information respecting roads . . . is a function of state and national government.

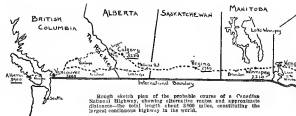
These principles have yet to be established in Canada. The Highways Improvement Act introduces a measure of respect for some of them but—well, at the best there is still too much of a "go as you please" atmosphere about things to be satisfactory.

Once the "Good Roads Movement" gets the basic principles well and truly laid throughout the Dominion, the making of a National Highway will mean little more than an inexpensive extension of work already accomplished.

#### PRACTICAL WORKING BASES.

But the great National Highway should, of course, be under one authority—under National control as in the case of the big trunk roads of France. The Dominion could equitably secure control of the road exactly as a man secures control of a company—by obtaining slightly more than a half interest in the concern





It might work out something like this. The Dominion and the Province would put up the money between them—51 per cent. and 49 per cent., respectively—and in consideration of its extra 2 per cent. the Dominion would have full control of the Highway.

The Province, however, would have the actual spending of the money—accounting for their expenditure to the "senior partner." The individuals in charge of the road would be the Provincial Highway Engineers. They would concern—as far as the Highway was concerned—the same position as the engineers of the French Department of Roads and Bridges who each have a section of one of the big trunk roads to look after.

It would be the duty of each of these engineers to see that the section of the Highway running through his Province was constructed and maintained according to certain standards fixed by the Dominion Government; unvarying standards as far as quality was concerned, but naturally varying in specification according to local circumstances.

Under the Provincial engineers would be sectional engineers and under them again competent superintendents and crews of intelligent laborers each in charge of a fixed mileage of road. At intervals would be proper equipment of machinery at their service—stone-crashers, steam-rollers, graders and so on, which might also be used in the work on the adjacent county and provincial roads, sub-mile. As regards a Trans-Continental Highway, the country to be covered is so

enormous and diverse that even one of the most experienced road engineers of the Dominion confessed himself unable to make a general estimate off-hand. However he ventured to suggest from \$3,000 to \$10,000 per mile and thought that to make an average estimate of \$6,500 would leave a fair margin on the right just to a first call in favor of the Highway.

Over all would be a Dominion "Controller of the Highway" who would constantly travel from end to end of the road inspecting the various sections and seeing that the Provincial engineers were duly maintaining the standard. He would be the man finally responsible.

#### PROBLEM OF FINANCES.

It is as difficult to say what all this would cost as it is to say what it would cost to build a house—it all depends.

At one end of the Highway are four or five hundred miles of expensive mountain work—but this, as has been said, is already begun at any rate, and other sections of it will have to be constructed anyway as part of the natural development of British Columbia; in the middle, north of Lake Superior, is that difficult and costly obstacle already mentioned; and there would be other expensive bits of road-making here and there throughout its whole length.

On the other hand there are nearly a thousand miles of cheap road-making through the prairies. And in the older provinces where it would be a question solely of reconstruction and improve-



ment, much of the preliminary expense, survey and the like, would be saved.

The new International Highway from Montreal to New York is to cost \$4,000 a mile. That would be \$28,000,000 for 4,000 miles of road—less than \$4.00 per head of Canada's population.

Upkeep usually is reckoned at from 6 per cent. to 8 per cent. of the cost of construction per annum. Take it even as being 10 per cent. and allow a little margin for improvements year by year. The maintenance of the Highway would thus mean a yearly expenditure of \$2,800,000.

Now, much of this has been spent, is being spent, or will be spent in any case—and under present conditions a good half of what is spent will be clean thrown away. British Columbia is preparing to spend \$20,000,000 before 1913. The townships of Ontario will spend—and waste about two-thirds of \$25,000,000 during the next ten years. The other Provinces all show fairly extensive highway appropriations. Therefore, their various shares of a first expenditure of \$12,740,000 and an annual \$1,274,000 should hardly be felt by the Provinces concerned, especially when it is considered that when all the reforms that are in

the air get down to a working basis they will be able to make their road money go at least, twice as far as it does at present.

Of course many difficulties would beset an equitable distribution of the burdens and the benefits. Proportioning the taxation fairly among those near the road and likely to benefit by it and those who might never cast eyes upon it in their lives would be one of them. Then, there might be sections of the Highway in the support of which several of the provinces should share, or some expensive engineering work which would call for a general levy on all the contributions. Still these are difficulties which have arisen and been settled before, and it should not be impossible to find a way out which would keep all the parties concerned in a good temper.

The Dominion's contribution might be made up to a great extent from the direct revenue obtained from automobiles. The writer has no recent figures immediately available, but surely the duties on imported motors and motor accessories would go a good way towards paying the interest on a debt of \$13,260,000, or the annual call for \$1,326,000?

It is just that a good share of all road



In the shadow of the Rockies.

improvements should fall upon motor users—and motorists as a rule are quite willing to carry the heavy end of road taxation. They recognise the paradox that makes the motor both the creator of a demand for good roads and a terrible destroyer of good roads when they are provided. In England the motor car has increased the cost of road up-keep by from 20 per cent. to 100 per cent. It is already suggested that the money from Provincial motor licenses should be devoted to a fund for the maintenance of county roads, and since the National Highway would represent a good portion of the county roads of a Province it would naturally absorb its due share of this. There also might be some system of tolls on automobiles over the more expensive portions of the highway.

#### TWO GREAT OBSTACLES.

And now to come back to the two great obstacles—the Rockies and the North Shore. As a scenic asset alone the mountain road should be worth constructing—it is a vital part of the much talked of policy of "capitalizing our scenery." And a mountain road thoughtfully planned with an eye on the future, would be invaluable in opening up much valuable mountain country which would be inaccessible by any other means. It would pay to run short branch roads into the higher valleys, where it would not pay to run short branch lines of rail. British Columbia already possesses the finest roads in Canada and recognises the exceptional

value that railways have to her as a Province. Probably much of her \$20,000,000 appropriation is destined to find its way mountainward, and no doubt when the highway begins to take practical shape a good portion of the Rocky route will already be in existence. It is insignificant that British Columbia is the home of the Highways Association.

As for the North Shore, apart from the disfigurement—and it would be nothing less—of leaving it the one broken link in such a magnificent chain, there are real practical reasons why a road should be run through the "wilderness."

First of all there is the military point of view. At present our only links between east and west are the waterway of the lakes and the slender thread of the railway—to be a double thread in 1914.

In case of war it would be the easiest thing in the world to break every one of these three. A few sticks of dynamite would effectually dispose of the railways and no system of defence could guard against the suppositious prospectors or other apparently harmless individuals by whom the destruction could be wrought. The waterway might be more difficult to block, but two or three small gunboats could probably do all that was necessary. In winter the ice blocks it anyway.

But a plain old-fashioned road is a good deal more difficult to kill than a railway. Blowing up a few miles of macadam and three or four bridges will not put four hundred miles of road out of commission no matter what sort of country it runs

through. You cannot take a railway train for a forty mile detour through the bush, but you can manage it with a regiment of soldiers. A road along the North Shore would form an east and west means of communication more primitive than the railway, to be sure, but more certain and permanent nevertheless.

Then a road does something to open up the country it runs through, even if it does not do so much as the railway—and there are minerals and game along the North Shore, though the country may not be on a par with the prairies from the farmer's point of view. The reason for the Soo to Sudbury road now under construction would also hold good to a certain extent in this case; the linking up of the short roads at present in existence which do not run east and west, but from such inland settlements as there are down to the lake.

An alternative to following the line of the C.P.R. along the north of Lake Superior would be to run the Highway northwards from Parry Sound to North Bay and so on up through Cobalt till it could parallel the new G.T.P. line through the "day belt." This would be roundabout and expensive, but it might possibly be more practicable as serving both a rich mining country and a great new farming region.

#### BACK TO "ROAD" MOVEMENT.

It is in its local service to the various sections through which it passes that the Highway would find its chief practical

value. Since the stage coach went out and the train came in we have been too apt to look upon roads as mere necessary evils—means of getting to the railway station and nothing more. But the automobile is restoring to the highway something of its ancient heritage.

In England, Europe and even the United States travel has gone back to the road to an astonishing extent during the last few years, and in Canada, when the farmer becomes more of an automobile user than he is to-day, the short railway journey will become a thing of the past as much as in other countries. This by the way should enable the railway companies to increase and improve their long distance schedules without injuring their revenue to any great degree.

No railway is so short-sighted as to oppose the modern tendency towards road travel. If their short hauls are redoubled good roads tend to increase their long distance business. "What they lose on the swings they gain on the roundabouts."

This is so even as regards freight, in the carriage of which the road is recapturing some of its long lost employment. For short town to town hauls and for cross country hauls, that by rail would necessitate several handlings of the goods, the road is beginning to be used most extensively. So enormously has been the return to road travel in all directions that a bill for the construction of no less than seven great trunk roads has been introduced before the American Congress.



Another scene in entering the Rockies.

Roads are planned, and already exist in part, from Tia Juana in Mexico through California, Oregon and Washington to Vancouver and thence onward right into Alaska; from Montreal through New York and the coastal States to Miami in Florida—with a branch from New York to Portland, Maine, which would connect with the Highway at St. John, from Winnipeg through the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas; and there are also half a dozen big east and west routes planned and in progress. The Highway would be a big item in a huge continental system.

All over the world the motor is taking traffic and commerce back to the road. Even in India the crowded glories of the past are returning to the old Mogul Highways—it is thirty years since Kipling's old native officer lamented that now "there are only country carts and such like" on the Grand Trunk road.

#### GOOD ROADS MISSIONARY.

The sooner Canada yields to the modern tendency the better for her. Last year in Manitoba there were nearly two hundred per cent. more motor-cars than the year before. Given fairly respectable

branch roads as feeders and every section of the great main Highway would be thronged with the motors of farmers and city men travelling from farm to farm and town to town; with heavy motor-trucks piled high with the freight of inter-urban commerce, with road engines and their strings of trucks taking the produce of a syndicate of farmers to market or railway.

Perhaps it is impossible that the great scheme of a National Trunk Highway should be brought down to a practical basis of consideration till the detailed questions of the individual provinces have been satisfactorily settled.

On the other hand if the big scheme went through at once, would not the other matters settle themselves more speedily?

The Highway stretching grandly across province after province would be a standing example in all of them of the perfection to which a road may attain. Surely the lesser roads would be shamed into greater self-respect. What farmer, after a trip along the Highway would rest content to jolt over the old ruts and splash through the innumerable mud-puddles?

As a Good Roads "Missionary" the Highway would soon save wasted money enough to pay for its own making.



An incident in Rocky Mountain motor trip.

## Proof of the Pudding

By

O. Henry

SPRING winked a vitreous optic at Editor Westbrook, of the *Micresca Magazine*, and deflected him from his course. He had lunched in his favorite corner of a Broadway hotel, and was returning to his office when his feet became entangled in the lure of the vernal coquette. Which is by way of saying that he turned eastward in Twenty-sixth Street, safely forded the spring freshest of vehicles in Fifth Avenue, and meandered along the walks of budding Madison Square.

The lenient air and the settings of the little park almost formed a pastoral; the color motif was green—the presiding shade at the creation of man and vegetation.

The callow grass between the walks was the color of verdigris, a poisonous green, reminiscent of the herds of dejected humans that had breathed upon the soil during the summer and autumn. The bursting tree buds looked strangely familiar to those who had botanized among the garnishings of the fish course of a forty-cent dinner. The sky above was of that pale aquamarine tint that hall-room poets rhyme with "true" and "Sue" and "coo." The one natural and frank color visible was the ostensible green of the newly painted benches—a shade between the color of a pickled cucumber and that of a last year's fast-black cravenette raincoat. But, to the city-bred eye of Editor Westbrook, the landscape appeared a masterpiece.

And now, whether you are of those who rush in, or of the gentle concourse that fears to tread, you must follow in a brief invasion of the editor's mind.

Editor Westbrook's spirit was contented and serene. The April number of the

*Micresca* had sold its entire edition before the tenth day of the month—a newsdealer in Kookuk had written that he could have sold fifty copies more if he had had 'em. The owners of the magazine had raised his (the editor's) salary; he had just installed in his home a jewel of a recently imported cook who was afraid of policemen; and the morning papers had published in full a speech he had made at a publishers' banquet. Also there were echoing in his mind the jubilant notes of a splendid song that his charming young wife had sung to him before he left his up-town apartment that morning. She was taking enthusiastic interest in her music of late, practising early and diligently. When he had complimented her on the improvement in her voice she had fairly hugged him for joy at his praise. He felt, too, the benign, tonic medicament of the trained nurse, Spring, tripping softly down the wards of the convalescent city.

While Editor Westbrook was sauntering between the rows of park benches (already filling with vagrants and the guardians of lawless childhood) he felt his sleeve grasped and held. Suspecting that he was about to be pumanded, he turned a cold and unprofitable face, and saw that his captor was—Dawe—Shackelford Dawe, dingy, almost rancid, the genies surely visible in him through the deeper lines of the shabby.

While the editor is palling himself out of his surprise, a flashlight biography of Dawe is offered.

He was a fiction writer, and one of Westbrook's old acquaintances. At one time they might have called each other old

friends. Dave had some money in those days, and lived in a decent apartment house near Westbrook's. The two families often went to theatres and dinners together. Mrs. Dawe and Mrs. Westbrook became "dearest" friends. Then one day a little tentacle of the octopus, just to amuse itself, ingurgitated Dawe's capital, and he moved to the Gramercy Park neighborhood where one, for a few weeks per week, may sit upon one's trunk under eight-branched chandeliers and opposite Carrara marble mantels and watch the mice play upon the floor. Dave thought to live by writing fiction. Now and then he sold a story. He submitted many to Westbrook. *The Mixer* printed one or two of them; the rest were returned. Westbrook sent a careful and conscientious personal letter with each rejected manuscript, pointing out in detail his reasons for considering it unavailable. Editor Westbrook had his own clear conception of what constituted good fiction. So had Dawe. Mrs. Dawe was mainly concerned about the constituents of the scanty dishes of food that she managed to scrape together. One day Dave had been spouting to her about the excellencies of certain French writers. At dinner they sat down to a dish that a hungry schoolboy could have encorporated at a gulp. Dawe commented.

"It's Manneasant hash," said Mrs. Dawe. "It may not be art, but I do wish you would do a five-course Marion Crawford serial with an Ella Wheeler Wilcox sonnet for dessert. I'm hungry."

As far as this from success was Shackled Dave when he plucked Editor Westbrook's sleeve in Madison Square. That was the first time the editor had seen Dave in several months.

"Why, Shack, is this you?" said Westbrook, somewhat awkwardly, for the form of his phrase seemed to touch upon the other's changed appearance.

"Sit down for a minute," said Dawe, tugging at his sleeve. "This is my office. I can't come to yours, looking as I do. Oh, sit down—you won't be disgraced. Those half-plucked birds on the other benches will take you for a swell porch-climber. They won't know you are only an editor."

"Smoke, Shack?" said Editor Westbrook, sinking cautiously upon the virulent green bench. He always yielded gracefully when he did yield.

Dawe snapped at the cigar as a king-fisher darts at a sunperch, or a girl pecks at a chocolate cream.

"I have just—" began the editor.

"Oh, I know; don't finish," said Dawe. "Give me a match. You have just ten minutes to spare. How did you manage to get past my office-boy and invade my sanctum? There he goes now, throwing his club at a dog that couldn't read the 'Keep off the Grass' signs."

"How goes the writing?" asked the editor.

"Look at me," said Dawe, "for your answer. Now don't put on that embarrassed, friendly-but-honest look and ask me why I don't get a job as a wine agent or a cab driver. I'm in the fight to a finish. I know I can write good fiction and I'll force you fellows to admit it yet. I'll make you change the spelling of 'regrets' to 'oh-eh-que' before I'm done with you."

Editor Westbrook gazed through his nose-glasses with a sweetly sorrowful, conscientious, sympathetic, skeptical expression—the copyrighted expression of the editor beleaguered by the unavailable contributor.

"Have you read the last story I sent you—'The Alarum of the Soul'?" asked Dawe.

"Carefully. I hesitated over that story, Shack, really I did. It had some good points. I was writing you a letter to send with it when it goes back to you. I regret—"

"Never mind the regrets," said Dawe, grimly. "There's neither alive nor sting in 'em any more. What I want to know is why. Come, now; out with the good points first."

"The story," said Westbrook, deliberately, after a suppressed sigh, "is written around an almost original plot. Characterization—the best you have done. Construction—almost as good, except for a few weak joints which might be strengthened by a few changes and touches. It was a good story, except—"

"I can write English, can't I?" interrupted Dawe.

"I have always told you," said the editor, "that you had a style."

"Then the trouble is the—"

"Same old thing," said Editor Westbrook. "You work up to your climax like an artist. And then you turn yourself into a photographer. I don't know what form of obstinate madness possesses you, Shack, but that is what you do with everything that you write. No, I will retract the comparison with the photographer. Now and then photography, in spite of its impossible perspective, manages to record a fleeting glimpse of truth. But you spoil every denunciation by three flat, drab, obliterating strokes of your brush that I have so often complained of. If you would rise to the literary pinnacle of your dramatic scenes, and paint them in the high colors that art requires, the postman would leave fewer bulky, self-addressed envelopes at your door."

"Oh, fiddles and footlights!" cried Dawe, derisively. "You've got that old sawmill drama kink in your brain yet. When the man with the black mustache kidnaps golden-haired Bessie you are bound to have the mother kneel and raise her hands in the spotlight and say: 'May high heaven witness that I will rest neither night nor day till the heartless villain that has stolen me child feels the weight of a mother's vengeance!'"

Editor Westbrook concealed a smile of impervious complacency.

"I think," said he, "that in real life the woman would express herself in those words or in very similar ones."

"Not in a six hundred nights' run anywhere but on the stage," said Dawe hotly. "I'll tell you what she'd say in real life. She'd say: 'What! Bessie led away by a strange man? Good Lord! It's one trouble after another! Get my other hat, I must hurry around to the police-station. Why wasn't somebody looking after her, I'd like to know? For God's sake, get out of my way or I'll never get ready. Not that hat—the brown one with the velvet bows. Bessie must have been crazy; she's usually shy of strangers. Is that too much powder? Lordy! How I'm upset!'"

"That's the way she'd talk," continued Dawe. "People in real life don't fly into heroics and blank verse at emotional crises. They simply can't do it. If they talk at

all on such occasions they draw from the same vocabulary that they use every day, and muddle up their words and ideas a little more, that's all."

"Shack," said Editor Westbrook impressively, "did you ever pick up the mangled and lifeless form of a child from under the fender of a street car, and carry it in your arms and lay it down before the distracted mother? Did you ever do that and listen to the words of grief and despair as they flowed spontaneously from her lips?"

"I never did," said Dawe. "Did you?"

"Well, no," said Editor Westbrook, with a slight frown. "But I can well imagine what she would say."

"So can I," said Dawe.

And now the fitting time had come for Editor Westbrook to play the crude and silence his opinionated contributor. It was not for an unarrived fictionist to dictate words to be uttered by the heroes and heroines of the *Mixer* Magazine, contrary to the theories of the editor thereof.

"My dear Shack," said he, "if I know anything of life I know that every sudden, deep and tragic emotion in the human heart calls forth an apposite, concordant, conformable and proportionate expression of feeling. How much of this inevitable accord between expression and feeling should be attributed to nature, and how much to the influence of art, it would be difficult to say. The sublimely terrible roar of the lioness that has been deprived of her cubs is dramatically as far above her customary whine and purr as the kingly and transcendent utterances of Lear are above the level of his senile vapors. But it is also true that all men and women have what may be called a sub-conscious dramatic sense that is awakened by a sufficiently deep and powerful emotion—a sense unconsciously acquired from literature and the stage that prompts them to express those emotions in language befitting their importance and histrionic value."

"And in the name of the seven sacred saddle-blankets of Sagittarius, where did the stage and literature get the stunt?" asked Dawe.

"From life," answered the editor, triumphantly.

The story writer rose from the bench and gesticulated eloquently but dumbly. He was beguiled for words with which to formulate elegantly his dissent.

On a bench nearby a frowzy leader opened his red eyes and perceived that his moral support was due a downtrodden brother.

"Punch him one, Jack," he called hoarsely to Dawe. "What's he come making a noise like a penny strudel for amongst gentlemen that comes in the Square to set and think?"

Editor Westbrook looked at his watch with an affected show of leisure.

"Tell me," asked Dawe, with truculent anxiety, "what especial faults in 'The Alarm of the Soul' caused you to throw it down?"

"When Gabriel Murray," said Westbrook, "goes to his telephone and is told that his fiancée has been shot by a burglar, he says—I do not recall the exact words, but—"

"I do," said Dawe. "He says: 'Damn Central; she always cuts me off.' (And then to his friend) 'Say, Tommy, does a thirty-two bullet make a big hole? It's kind of hard luck, ain't it? Could you get me a drink from the sideboard, Tommy? No; straight; nothing on the side!'"

"And again," continued the editor, without pausing for argument, "when Berenice opens the letter from her husband informing her that he has fled with the maidservant girl, her words are—let me see—"

"She says," interposed the author: "Well, what do you think of that?"

"Aburdly inappropriate words," said Westbrook, "presenting an anti-climax—plunging the story into hopeless bathos. Worse yet; they marred life falsely. No humor being ever uttered banal colloquialisms when confronted by sudden tragedy."

"Wrong," said Dawe, closing his unshaven jaw doggedly. "I say no man or woman ever speaks 'highfalutin' talk when they go up against a real climax. They talk naturally and a little worse."

The editor rose from the bench with his air of indulgence and inside information.

"Say, Westbrook," said Dawe, planning him by the lapel, "would you have accepted 'The Alarm of the Soul' if you

had believed that the actions and words of the characters were true to life in the parts of the story that we discussed?"

"It is very likely that I would, if I believed that way," said the editor. "But I have explained to you that I do not."

"If I could prove to you that I am right?"

"I'm sorry, Shack, but I'm afraid I haven't time to argue any further just now."

"I don't want to argue," said Dawe. "I want to demonstrate to you from life itself that my view is the correct one."

"How could you do that?" asked Westbrook, in a surprised tone.

"Listen," said the writer, seriously. "I have thought of a way. It is important to me that my theory of true-to-life fiction be recognized as correct by the magazines. I've fought for it for three years, and I'm down to my last dollar, with two months' rent due."

"I have applied the opposite of your theory," said the editor, "in selecting the fiction for the *Miscellaneous Magazine*. The circulation has gone up from ninety thousand to—"

"Four hundred thousand," said Dawe. "Whereas it should have been boosted to a million."

"You said something to me just now about demonstrating your pet theory."

"I will. If you'll give me about half an hour of your time I'll prove to you that I am right. I'll prove it by Louise."

"Your wife!" exclaimed Westbrook. How?"

"Well, not exactly by her, but with her," said Dawe. "Now, you know how devoted and loving Louise has always been. She thinks I'm the only genuine preparation on the market that bears the old doctor's signature. She's been fonder and more faithful than ever, since I've been cast for the neglected genius part."

"Indeed, she is a charming and admirable life companion," agreed the editor. "I remember what inseparable friends she and Mrs. Westbrook once were. We are both lucky chaps, Shack, to have such wives. You must bring Mrs. Dawe up some evening soon, and we'll have one of those informal chafing-dish suppers that we used to enjoy so much."

"Later," said Dawe. "When I get another shirt. And now I'll tell you my

scheme. When I was about to leave home after breakfast—if you can call tea and oatmeal breakfast—Louise told me she was going to visit her aunt in Eighty-ninth Street. She said she would return home at three o'clock. She is always on time to a minute. It is now—"

Dawe glanced toward the editor's watch pocket.

"Twenty-seven minutes to three," said Westbrook, scanning his time-piece.

"We have just enough time," said Dawe. "We will go to my flat at once. I will write a note, address it to her and leave it on the table where she will see it as she enters the door. You and I will be in the dining-rooms concealed by the portieres. In that note I'll say that I have fled from her forever with an affinity who understands the needs of my artistic soul as she never did. When she reads it we will observe her actions and hear her words. Then we will know which theory is the correct one—yours or mine."

"Oh, never!" exclaimed the editor, shaking his head. "That would be inexcusably cruel. I could not consent to have Mrs. Dawe's feelings played upon in such a manner."

"Breezy up," said the writer. "I guess I think as much of her as you do. It's for her benefit as well as mine. I've got to get a market for my stories in some way. It won't hurt Louise. She's healthy and sound. Her heart goes as strong as a ninety-eight-cent watch. I'll last for only a minute, and then I'll step out and explain to her. You really owe it to me to give me the chance, Westbrook."

Editor Westbrook at length yielded, though but half willingly. And in the half of him that consented lurked the vivisectionist that is in all of us. Let him who has not used the scalpel rise and stand in his place. Pity 'tis that there are not enough rabbits and guinea-pigs to go around.

The two experimenters in Art left the Square and hurried eastward and then to the south until they arrived in the Gramercy neighborhood. Within its high iron railings the little park had put on its smart coat of vernal green, and was admiring itself in its fountain mirror. Outside the railings the hollow square of crumbling houses, shells of a bygone gentility, leaned as if in ghostly gossip over

the forgotten doings of the vanished quality. *Sic transit gloria artis.*

A block or two north of the Park, Dawe steered the editor again eastward, then, after covering a short distance, into a lofty but narrow flat-house burdened with a floridly over-decorated facade. To the fifth story they toiled, and Dawe, panting, pushed his latch-key into the door of one of the front flats.

When the door opened Editor Westbrook saw, with feelings of pity, how meanly and meagerly the rooms were furnished.

"Get a chair, if you can find one," said Dawe, "while I hunt up pen and ink. Hello, what's this? Here's a note from Louise. She must have left it there when she went out this morning."

He picked up an envelope that lay on the centre-table and tore it open. He began to read the letter that he drew out of it; and once having begun it aloud he so read it through to the end. These are the words that Editor Westbrook heard:

"DEAR SHACKLEFORD:

"By the time you get this I will be about a hundred miles away and still a-going. I've got a place in the chorus of the Occidental Opera Co., and we start on the road to-day at twelve o'clock. I didn't want to starve to death, and so I decided to make my own living. I'm not coming back. Mrs. Westbrook is going with me. She said she was tired of living with a combination photograph, leering and dictionary, and she's not coming back, either. We've been practising the songs and dances for two months on the quiet. I hope you will be successful, and get along all right. Good-bye. Louise."

Dawe dropped the letter, covered his face with his trembling hands, and cried out in a deep, vibrating voice:

"My God, why hast thou given me this cup to drink? Since she is false, then let Thy Heaven's fairest gifts, faith and love, become the jesting by-words of traitors and friends!"

Editor Westbrook's glasses fell to the floor. The fingers of one hand fumbled with a button on his coat as he blurted between his pale lips:

"Say, Shack, ain't that a hell of a note? Wouldn't that knock you off your perch, Shack? Ain't it hell, now, Shack—ain't it?"

# Sir Charles Tupper

## How He Wielded the Surgeon's Knife in Liverpool Cattle Yards

By

Harris L. Adams



SIR CHARLES TUPPER

**A**BOUT twenty years ago, when Sir Charles Tupper was High Commissioner for Canada, in London, and when Canadian cattle were freely admitted to Great Britain, it so happened that a consignment of Canadian cattle was condemned at the landing wharves of Liverpool on the ground that some of the animals were affected with pleuro-pneumonia.

It was in these prosperous by-gone days that many Canadian farmers and drivers shipped their consignments direct to the Old Land. Many stories of good sales and of total losses were told by the country free-traders. Many a man made thousands of dollars by the returns from his shipment of cattle. Many another man received the news that meant poverty to him. Consequently, the greatest pains were taken to see that the cattle were hooked on a good boat with competent feeders in charge. It was customary for the farmers to feed 1,200 to 1,500-pound steers for this market so that the British consumer always got from Canada the best of his beef.

In the ordinary course of events with these precautions a consigner felt perfectly safe, harring shipwrecks.

At the time in question, the agent of the condemned cattle at Liverpool reported by cable to the shipper in Canada that the whole of the shipment would have

to be slaughtered because some of the animals were affected with the dreaded pleuro-pneumonia. The owner at once cabled direct to the High Commissioner, Sir Charles Tupper, for advice on the matter.

Sir Charles was busy in his London office shortly after the opening hours on Thursday, when the cablegram was handed to him by the secretary, Mr. Colmer. The usual course of official procedure was for Sir Charles to instruct Mr. Colmer to write a formal letter to the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies beginning thus: "Sir,—I have the honor to inform you," etc., and request that he place the subject before the august secretary himself, who in turn would pass the matter to the head of the Board of Agriculture. By and by it would percolate through his department on down to Liverpool and back to London, and finally to the office of the High Commissioner for Canada. By this time there would be a tremendous mass of official reports from the Government inspectors at Liverpool, showing clearly the presence of the disease. The final letter to Sir Charles would be most polite; he would be informed with much regret that the evidence of the disease was indisputable and that in future all cattle from Canada must be killed at the ship's side. Fortunately for Canada, this is not what happened. A short glance at the

contents made a decided change in the animation of the room. The High Commissioner, in his characteristic manner, came to a quick decision. Brushing aside the semi-official documents before him he called to his secretary, as he reached for his coat and hat.

"Where are the nearest surgical instrument places, Colmer, and where is the nearest medical book store?"

Upon being informed he brushed out of the office, calling back to Colmer to secure him a compartment on the first train to Liverpool, and on the way to get some books out of the library on the subject and put them in the compartment.

Running across Victoria street, he jumped into a hansom and asked the driver to make post haste to the book store. Upon arrival he rushed in and called for the latest works upon the diseases of cattle. Here from a pile he selected half a dozen authorities, threw down his card, saying: "I want these books on a special case. Have no time to pay for them. Here is my card. Send your bill," and dashed out of the office with flying instructions to the caddy to get him to the instrument makers and thence to the Liverpool train.

He dashed down the platform at Euston Station, weighted down with a big case of surgical instruments under one arm and books under the other. Colmer was in readiness for him, handed him his ticket, and saw him safely into his compartment.

Sir Charles at once dove into the medical works. He studied his case furiously. His long experience as a physician enabled him to master, in a few hours at his disposal, the many symptoms, that the live animal displays both in the early and late stages of the disease, as well as the post-mortem conditions of the lungs, liver and intestines of an affected animal.

By the time he reached Liverpool he had, perhaps, a more sharply defined and a more up-to-date knowledge of pleuro-pneumonia than any other living man, for knowledge that is acquired with an immediate object in view and with intense interest is far more vivid and definite than that acquired by the routine student, who, perhaps, will not be likely to meet a case in his practice during a decade.

Arriving at Liverpool, the former Canadian statesman drove immediately to the cattle yards and asked to be shown the condemned cattle that had recently arrived from Canada. He took a hasty survey of all the animals in the enclosure. He next wended his way to the office and asked for the several inspectors who had condemned these cattle.

After a short delay, during which time Sir Charles had reviewed the whole case in his mind, the inspectors were ushered into his room. At once he pitched into his subject with his characteristic vehemence, and put each of the inspectors through a most sharp examination of the subject of pleuro-pneumonia. Almost before they knew it, each one had defined his reason for condemning the Canadian cattle, and assured the High Commissioner that they were, indeed, undoubtedly affected with disease and should be slaughtered at once in order to protect the British herds and to save the British consumers from getting diseased meat.

Returning to the yards, the inspectors were asked to point out the animal which was considered to be afflicted. Each was asked to state what would be found on dissection to be the condition of the lungs, the liver and the other organs of the body. If the case were really one of pleuro-pneumonia,

He pinned each inspector down to the most exact particulars, even to the symptoms and appearance that would be noticeable in the early stages of the disease, as well as in acute and chronic stages.

One of the inspectors told how that the period of incubation of the disease was from three to six weeks, and that the animals must have contracted it on the Canadian side. They would thus show the characteristic symptoms of lung trouble, particularly in the morning after watering. The animals generally ceased rumination.

Another inspector said that the case might be acute and all the disease practically be the result of a constriction of a day or two.

All agreed upon the usual post-mortem symptoms. The lungs would be the surest test for the disease. Of this there were many symptoms; the most convincing was the mottled appearance of the left lung, which was usually affected. Often the reddened globules were surrounded by bright, often orange-colored rings, characteristic of the disease. The lung tissue usually became liver colored. The lungs were also enlarged, often weighing 100 pounds.

The afflicted animals showed certain derangements of the liver also, while a dropsical swelling of the dewlap often accompanied the disease.

After every symptom offered by the inspectors had been thoroughly discussed, Sir Charles called for his surgical instruments, took off his coat and ordered the animal that was condemned, to be brought in and slaughtered. He then rolled up his sleeves and went to work himself to open the carcass and diagnose the case. It was not long before the lungs were exposed to

view. Removing sections of these he presented these bloody fragments under the noses of the half dozen inspectors in succession, demanding to know if they saw in them the conditions they had described.

He then proceeded in like manner to examine the liver, submitting it to each one in turn.

To carry the investigation further he examined the digestive organs for ulcers that are sometimes present in the disease. Nothing, of course, was found to condemn them. The inspectors were all obliged to admit that there was no symptom of a disease in this animal and not even a symptom of the earliest stage of infection.

Pulling off his vest in the heat of the work and the demonstration, he called for another animal, which the inspectors said was clearly afflicted with the disease. Unwary, he performed the same operation as in the first, and forced each inspector to admit the good health of the animal.

He did not stop here, but ordered another animal to be brought in, in order to establish in two or three cases the results of his investigation.

In a few hours the condemnation was raised, but Sir Charles said: "Not yet," and it was not till the sun went down that he desisted and stood before the inspectors covered from head to foot with blood and glory.

Sir Charles left the cattle yard in triumph, and returned to the London office and had the satisfaction to wire back to the Canadian consignor that his cattle were all right.

As for the Liverpool inspectors, they made no more condemnation of Canadian cattle lest, as they said, "that old devil from London should blow down here again."

## A Pleasant Afternoon with Mrs. Marsh

By

Augusta Kortrecht

**S**CENE: Bedroom overlooking small private balcony in summer hotel. Mrs. Marsh, dressed in extreme of fashion, stands before the mirror, adjusting a ribbon in her hair, while a French nurse struggles to finish the toilet of a little girl of four.

Not another caramel to-day, Allison. I'm in earnest this time. But it's really your fault, Celeste, if she cries about it. You don't make the least effort to adapt yourself to the child's sensitive temperament. The lightest disagreeable touch on the harmony of her nerves—I wouldn't bite Celeste, precious. Please don't when someone begs you! Why, she couldn't hurt you even if she did bite—a tiny baby like Allie! If you want to be a maid in this country, you will have to get used to worse than that. Suppose you had Percival Jenkins hitch you to his go-cart and drive you by the hair? Well, I can't help it. Americans don't invite foreign immigration, any way, and the President is quite set on stopping it, or it's the other way about and he wants the laws easier to let the Chinese in. Mr. Marsh explained it to me just lately, so I know. You ought to have thought that over before you came, unless you are able to hear pain. . . . Now, Allison, please don't! Don't put your mouth anywhere near Celeste. Take a caramel instead. Anything for peace. Never insist on speaking French when she's feeling badly. I have told you before, and you should realize by this time that I mean exactly what I say. Only one caramel. There, there, don't cry

then. One in each hand, of course. Call them sippers, Celeste, if she doesn't like pantofoles. Not naughty old pantofoles, no. There Celeste, you've gone and spoiled the whole thing again. Saying "I love you" is of course. Her father told her United States was good enough for him, and, with that touch of malaria, I should think you'd be glad to do anything to please the poor little thing. When I was a little girl I could kick my governess as hard as ever I liked, and everybody stopped in the street to ask whose child I was, but human nature has changed for the worse since then. Nurses don't love babies any more. Their heads are too full of profits and harem skirts and chauffeurs and joy-rides. Please don't say *chapeau* to her over and over like that. Study her little face and act accordingly. The very sound of French seems to bring out the worst in her nature to-day. Try to speak English. Never mind, you must try it any way. Yes, I did advertise for a house who knew only French, but I had forgotten for the moment how much it was. I couldn't foresee that Allison would have malaria and take a dislike to the sound. This is her bad day, and my afternoon is filled with important matters, so you positively must see that she gets nothing to eat. Simply don't give it to her, that's how. She certainly can't take the caramel box from you by force. Darling, *ma chère* has asked you not to bite. But there is no excuse for your screaming, Celeste. They will hear you on the lawn outside. That red spot? It's a mosquito bite, for I remember distinctly seeing it on your hand



last night. Allie couldn't if she tried. It's a way she has of playing, and you ought to feel delighted to think she loves you, for she never plays like that with strangers. There were twelve caramels in the top layer half an hour ago and now there are only seven! Two she had, two! Perhaps I did eat one myself, but that leaves— What is that stuck inside her snuff? Well, of all the cunning things she does! She hid them! To think of a sense of humor at the age of four! You get the table ready on the balcony, Celeste; yes, bridge, of course, what else is there to do? Unnecessary questions madden me. Come, Allie, gave someone the caramels. Look, you put them back in the box with your ownie-donsie little fingers. Baby mustn't eat any more to-day because the nassy doctor— No, Allison, no. In the box? When I speak seriously— Well, I can't fight a great girl like you. This is the only decent dress! Hush, Allison, hush! Take the candy! Take the box! Only, don't come to me when you have a pain! The view is lovely from that window. They brought Ned here on a pillow thirty years ago— Yes, Allie, yes. Ned's your daddy. You know he's your daddy, don't you? I always answer her questions, Celeste, as courteously as I would any lady's, because it's the only way to teach her good manners. Yes, I tell you, daddy, daddy, daddy—on a pillow. Now, shut up! Allison Marsh, I won't have you bite me! That hurts! You are the living image of your father's sister when you grin like that! Take her, Celeste, take her, please! Don't stop to coo! She's only a baby. No, I didn't stop her, and you shall not say I did. It was only that she took me by surprise, and I gave a nervous jump. Carry her down to the lawn, and don't forget her curtsy and her French if anybody speaks to her—anybody nice, I mean. Oh, there's a knock! The first one of those old— Do come in, Miss Mayhew. No, indeed, you're not so early. You brain-women never give much credit to butter-lisks like me, but I was hoping you'd come first so we might talk a while of the real-life of life. It must be fascinating to write books. Yes, Allison is going out. Say bon jour to Miss Mayhew, precious. Miss Mayhew will cry; she doesn't love naughty little girls. Oh, no, I don't think

it could have been hello. A week ago when we came up the mountain Allison positively did not know a single word of English. I was determined she should learn French first, but Celeste has let her play with Percival Jenkins until— No, no, dearie, don't sing "Kelly" now. Why don't you coo her out, Celeste? Do tell me about your latest book, Miss Mayhew. You can't imagine how interested I am in all those artistic things like vivisection and Oriental religions and new thought of every kind. It's a book on the question of suffrage for women? That is precisely the line I mean. Everything is advancement nowadays, and whether divorce is really good taste or not, and nishups. Do you know the difference between an aeroplane and a biplane? I am ashamed to say I don't, even after Mr. Marsh took me to the meek and showed me exactly. Our other bridge hands are coming over from Eagle Mountain. Mrs. Hamlin Currier—she's separated, but not for good; they're taking each other back in September—and Eva Ellison. She's the younger sister, who went to the masquerade as a little boy in socks, without long stockings over her— By the way, before they come and spoil our nice tete-a-tete—Ned said an awfully nice thing about you the other day—Mr. Marsh, yes. He told all the men at the club there was some class to a hotel with a real authoress in it. It means a good deal, coming from Ned, because he's not much on women unless they're terribly young and dressed just right. Now, don't blush. He really admires you or he never would have said it. Good afternoon, Mrs. Currier. How do you do, Miss Ellison? You don't mind passing through the bedroom, do you? We will play on the balcony. Miss Mayhew and I have had the most uplifting little talk about Oriental religions. Mrs. Currier is my partner, and if you don't mind I will sit so I can see my baby on the lawn below. Yes, that is Allison. Oh, I'm glad you think she's pretty. You were noticing her as you came up? No, not the one in pink. My own mother always said pure white for girls until— I do play the heart convention. I always have. But I didn't hear you double without. I thought they doubted. Any way, I led my best diamond, and it took the trick. Whenever I hear "pray do" I think of how Allison

says "now I lay me." It's shocking, and of course I never let her breathe such a thing, but sometimes her father sets her off— Oh, but I beg your pardon, I didn't say I discarded from weakness. I do discard that way, but I never said you could count on it. I will speak to Allie while I'm dummy. Oh, I'm sorry I stepped on your dress, Miss Mayhew. With that long suit in your hand, I pity my poor partner. Look up, Allison, look up here to manners. I'm going to throw down the box of caramels, Celeste, and you must see that she gives all the other children some. No, no, dearie. One to Percival, like a little lady. Not the one out of your mouth, precious. You mustn't grab it, Percival Jenkins! She is trying her best to give it to you, and you are a great big boy. Do watch, Celeste. Bring her up here, bring her in at once. I'm sorry if I really bumped you, Mrs. Currier, but Allison is hurt— He has bitten her! The young mad dog! Bring her right out to the balcony, Celeste. Get the peroxide and the absorbent cotton. Don't scream, sweetheart, don't cry! Where is the place? Show me at once, Celeste! A bite is the most dangerous— Please speak plain English! Oh, it was Percival who got bitten! That's absurd! There wasn't anybody there to bite him. Now carry her to the other end of the balcony and let her choose a fancy cake from the basket where the tea things are. She mustn't break that fan, Celeste. It's Miss Mayhew's. Don't lick the cakes and put them back, Allison. The nice ladies won't love little girls that lick— Another rubber for them? Well, I won't be afraid to play with you after this, Mrs. Currier, though I confess I did tremble when I drew you for a partner. I had heard you were such a splendid player, but now— I said no, Allison, and you remember what that means when manners

is in earnest. Not another cake, because they are for the ladies' tea. See the pretty ladies? Mrs. Currier has a little boy as big as you. Don't lean against Miss Ellison. Her hands aren't really sticky, but just make her go away if she annoys you. That's one thing I am proud of. I don't get my feelings hurt if any one corrects Allie. No, no, you can't have the cards, dear, but you may take the coss and show them to Celeste. The coss— card-coss—not the lady's lorgnette. Please, Miss Ellison, put it out of sight until I get her away. I warn you now, she will break it! She has malaria, and this is her bad day, and the weather is so hot, and she can't have a thing to eat. Do you really have to go? I have had a delightful afternoon. Although the game has taken most of our attention, I feel that the in-between moments were full of more serious talk. I should think such relaxation would be excellent for you, Miss Mayhew. Fans? Why, Allison has all three of them! Celeste, you are very careless. No, no, sweetheart. Give the ladies their fans. Take them, please, won't you, while I hold her? She wouldn't bite you, Miss Mayhew. It's only a way she has learned to play since we came here. That's yours, Miss Ellison. Don't let her take it again! Now I will lift her up, Mrs. Currier, and you can slip your fan from under her. I'm so glad you really enjoyed it. I never tire of bridge myself. We will have another afternoon very soon. Say au revoir, Allie, and curtsy to the ladies. Oh, how Miss Mayhew slammed that door! What a relief to have it over! Celeste, take Allison straight to bed. Kiss your mother before you go. Kiss me, I say! You shall be affectionate, whether you are pretty or smart or anything else. Take her, Celeste, take her! Her teeth are sharp as needles, and that's the second time to-day!



# Investing for Efficiency in the Office

By

Christopher Hansman

*Canadian business men are coming to a realization of the importance of modern office equipment. Commercial competition is such that the highest efficiency in the office is essential to the greatest success in modern enterprises. To this end any appliances or equipment which will produce "the right atmosphere" in the office not to be despised; indeed, they are factors of efficiency which cannot but prove sound business investments. The accompanying article presents some of the latest ideas in this connection.*

IT is an old maxim in the business world that it is sometimes wiser to spend a pound than to save a penny. The truth of this maxim can be proved in many ways; in none is its significance more marked than in the matter of office equipment. Modern office appliances are undoubtedly expensive, some machines being alarmingly costly. Many business men, while admitting their effectiveness, hesitate to sink the requisite capital in them. They hang on to the pound, in their effort to save the penny. To them the near-by expense looms up big and menacing; they do not get the future saving in the proper focus and to them it appears small in comparison.

The story is told of a manufacturer who was confronted with what seemed to be an impossible condition; the difference between his manufacturing cost and the selling price was 400 per cent. and yet he was not making money. He had the manufacturing cost system down to a nicety and his selling expenses were not high. He turned his attention to the office. Here his investigations showed him that it cost more to bill, charge and

collect on each device than it cost to advertise it and considerably more than the advertising cost. Here was the leak. He was using an antiquated and laborious system. Calling in an expert he had his whole office system revised. It cost him money to do it, but in the end he saved more in a reduced pay roll than he spent in installing the new system. From that day he made profits instead of deficits.

To save money by spending it is the principle on which to act in equipping the office. By investing a little capital to cut down running expenses, is sound policy. The man who invested the typewriter revolutionized modern business. He enabled one girl to do the work of a dozen penmen. Nobody nowadays would hesitate to invest a considerable sum of money in a typewriter, rather than to attempt to handle correspondence by hand. The economy is too obvious to require elucidation. And yet there have been subsequent inventions at which even the most progressive business men balk.

The whole system of office equipment has been improved of late years until today it would seem as if human ingenuity



An office with an atmosphere of comfort, attractiveness and efficiency. Note the novel arrangement of the furniture, the roominess, excellent light, aesthetic touch imparted by the plants and general business-like appearance of the whole interior.

could progress no further. The typewriter has been advanced to a wonderful degree of efficiency and to it have been added various devices for special purposes. Adding machines and kindred appliances have relieved the office staff of much wearisome detail work, which always had in it the element of possible mistakes and consequent loss of time. Multiplying machines and duplicating machines have enabled firms to produce printed or typewritten matter in quantity and with celerity. Mechanical appliances for receiving dictation have freed officials from the necessity of having stenographers constantly on hand. The loose leaf system of accounting has reduced the time of the staff by at least fifty per cent. and the improved filing devices have enabled them to cope with the vastly increased flow of correspondence with facility. All this

equipment, tending to increased efficiency in all departments of office work, has been taken up fairly well by many offices in Canada, but there are still a good many which could be benefited by the adoption of some of these time and labor-saving appliances.

## IMPORTANCE OF ARRANGEMENT.

It is one thing, however, to purchase up-to-date office equipment; it is quite another to install it so that the greatest degree of efficiency may be secured. The lay-out of the office is an important consideration. Too often a manager thinks that he has done enough when he has the machines and cabinets in his office. Unless he carries his idea of efficiency into the placing of his purchases, he is losing part of their value. These appliances were invented to make a saving in certain operations, but they need to be used in



The dominant feature of this office is the excellent lighting arrangement. For so large an office the effect is subtle. The arrangement of the desks and other appliances also makes an attractive appearance and lends a genuine business air to the scene.

the proper way to achieve the best results. Everything should be so arranged as to enable the staff to carry on their work with the least possible waste motion. It would be impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules regarding the lay-out of the office. Conditions will differ from one to another. But it is safe to postulate that the various appliances should be placed with an eye to their accessibility. They should be arranged so that the staff may co-operate fully and be able to carry along the various operations with continuity. If possible too, they should be placed to give the most favorable and impressive appearance to visitors. Having these principles in mind and varying them to fit in with the needs of particular offices, it should be possible to lay out an office in which efficiency will be developed to the highest point.

The equipment must needs be selected to suit the peculiar needs of the business.

Mistakes are frequently made which lead to serious results through the determination of office managers to buy devices without sufficient study of the requirements of the office. One sees places saddled with appliances that might have been useful when installed, but which for some reason or other have become inadequate and are accordingly a source of inefficiency. Unless a manager is thoroughly familiar with the office appliance situation, he should engage the services of an expert when he contemplates changes or additions.

#### GETTING THE RIGHT ATMOSPHERE.

There is such a thing as atmosphere about an office—that which gives a visitor a definite impression of the business which is carried on there. One can recall various offices in Canada, each of which reflects in some degree the character of its undertakings. There is what



A good example of the modern private office. The general arrangement and appearance lend a suggestion of solidity and comfort, while the effect cannot be other than inspiring. The handsome bookshelves, the modern furniture, the brightly-framed windows, paneled with artistic design and substantial furnishings are all strong points.

may be termed the "cold" office into which one enters with a feeling of mental discomfort. It has an aspect of unfriendliness, the whole arrangement suggesting that the company has little or no interest in you or your concerns. There is the office that "overawes"; it is so very fine and big that it makes you feel small and insignificant. There is the "impertinent" office, that seems to rush right at you and ask unnecessary questions. And there is the "indifferent" office, where everybody keeps at a distance and neglects you until you are just on the point of leaving. All these characteristics are in a sense due to the office staff, who represent in whole or in part the ideas thus set forth. But, as will be explained later, the office staff is really part of the office equipment and should be treated as such, and in the arrangement of the office, the

lay-out of the human machines is almost as important as the placing of the office furniture.

The atmosphere of the office should be made to harmonize as far as is humanly possible with the nature of the business. As no business should give one an impression of decrepitude, it is essential in all businesses that the office equipment—desks, chairs, cabinets, carpets, partitions, etc.—should be up-to-date and clean. Broken-down desks and chairs have no business in a progressive twentieth-century office; they give an unfavorable aspect to the ensemble and suggest all sorts of doubts as to the stability of the institution. Again, every office that aims to do business with the public, should provide a welcome for such people as enter it. Not only should this welcome have a human element in it, but the arrange-

ments should be such as to suggest that the visitor was being gladly received. A small reception room or a corner railed off from the general office, with chairs and a table containing a few papers and magazines, are a pleasant reminder to the newcomer that such as he is expected and are provided for. If this attention is accompanied by prompt and courteous service from some employee detailed for the purpose, the impression given the stranger is bound to be good. To the extent of putting the latter into a favorable mood, this service of welcome may be regarded as one of the elements entering into increased efficiency in the business and for this reason should be carefully cultivated.

Some businesses require to establish an atmosphere of privacy, while in others an openness of operation is a necessary objective. In the former class it is a mistake to have the office so arranged as to admit of private conversations being overheard; in the latter it is equally undesirable to impart an idea that things are going on of a secret nature. The arrangement in either case should be such as to convey just the proper idea.

Again the impression of efficiency is invariably imparted to the outsider by seeing in an office all the latest devices for the handling of business. It requires no close student of business methods to know that a firm which adheres to antiquated methods is not making profits commensurate with its capabilities. It is condemned in the eye of the business world as unprogressive and not alive to its possibilities. That this fact will injure it, quite unintentionally it may be, is a fact that cannot be overlooked. A firm must move ahead with the tide of progress or sooner or later be stranded. Attention to office equipment and the provision of modern office machinery is an investment that will not only bring direct returns in increased efficiency, but will help to give that atmosphere of capability and progress to the office, the value of which may be far greater than one would expect.

There are many other directions in which it is possible to direct a visiting business man's attention and, by convincing him of the firm's extent, solidarity, or whatever other feature you like, give him just the desired impression of efficiency.

It may be that the object is to show a rush of business; this result may be achieved by a studied grouping of units, spreading stenographers around and seeing that work is constantly on the move. Or it may be that the object is to convey an idea of magnitude by having high ceilings, long aisles, plenty of desks, etc.; it is possible to do this effectively without a large staff.

#### THE HUMAN ELEMENT.

In considering all the factors, which enter into the problem of efficiency, the human element requires careful consideration. It is necessarily a variable quantity and for that reason its value in the business equation is constantly subject to change. Each worker has his or her own peculiarities. Temperaments are different and conditions under which one person may work efficiently would reduce the effectiveness of another person materially. Heat and cold to name but one influence, have a decided bearing on the work of everybody. There are constitutions which are influenced by extremes of temperature and unseasonable warmth or extreme cold will seriously incapacitate them for effort, reducing their output of work. These variations in the individual worker require special investigation, but only so far as they can be improved in a general way, are they economically worth consideration at the present juncture. The vagaries of this or that employee need not necessarily occupy the attention of the manager unless they can be remedied without much time or expense.

But there are general principles which apply to every worker. The great essentials of light and ventilation are universal. Their influence on the efficiency of the office staff is being recognized to-day more than it ever was before, largely because in the pursuit of greater results at less expense, it has been found that the human element requires care and lubricants just as much as a machine. In other words it is being practically realized that the human machine is the finest and most valuable mechanism in the whole office equipment.

#### PROBLEMS IN LIGHTING.

A bank in an Ontario town found that its clerks were complaining of headache,



Where much correspondence has to be filed, the above arrangement, as found in use at the Government office in Ottawa, has many points to commend it. The lighting arrangements are particularly good, and the cabinets so arranged as to make access easy. Note the indexing arrangement in the foreground.

which was incapacitating them to a serious extent. The inspector took note of this situation on one of his visits and reported to headquarters. An investigation followed and it was discovered that the trouble was caused by eye-strain, directly attributable to the lighting arrangements. The bank was situated on a corner and had four large windows, amply sufficient to supply plenty of light. But, probably for the benefit of the bank's patrons, the counter behind which the clerks worked was placed to face the windows and the bank staff were compelled to carry on business fronting the light and on the dark side of the apartment. The folly of this arrangement was evident and an order was immediately given to turn the office round, so that the staff could work beside the windows and with the light coming, so it should, over their shoulders. An improvement in the health and efficiency of the clerks was at once noticeable.

A somewhat similar situation was encountered in a large business office in Toronto, where a small army of stenograph-

ers was employed. The office occupied one side of a large office building and had a row of windows facing north. On occupying the office, the managers and officials pre-empted the bright side, dividing the space off into private offices with seven foot partitions. A passage was run down beside the private offices and in the remaining space the stenographers were placed. For several hours at midday there was a good light in the stenographers' enclosure but the rest of the day it was dull, and artificial light was required even in summer. The business was of such a nature that the officials who occupied the private offices were only there for a small portion of each day. One day, one of the heads of the concern was impressed with the possibilities of economizing through a study of efficiency. He came in due time to the typewriter production and made a careful investigation of it. His conclusion was that it would be of more value to the firm to place the stenographic staff where the light was good than to retain the private offices for the spasmodic

use of the officials. By his orders the whole arrangement was turned round and now the stenographers work under more satisfactory conditions, with a considerably increased efficiency.

To reduce eye-strain and resultant headache should be one of the main objects before the office manager, who is making a thorough study of the conditions under which his human machines are working. To realize that a clear head, unoppressed with pain or weariness, is a much more desirable implement than a dull brain, is to concede the necessity for careful arrangement of the office from the lighting standpoint. In all the new offices that are being equipped to-day this factor is being watched. You will find all the new banks paying special attention to lighting and all the accounting offices of factories or business houses laid out with this object in view. It is another indication of the increasing value which the individual worker holds in the eyes of the employers.

Not infrequently an office manager could materially improve working conditions in his department by the expenditure of a small appropriation in equipping his windows with those patented lights, which concentrate and carry the light far into an otherwise gloomy interior. Such expense would be offset for one thing by a reduction in his bill for artificial lighting and quite as much by conserving the health of such members of the staff as had previously to labor under the trying conditions hitherto prevailing. This remedy has not been employed to the extent it should be and the possibility of its introduction would be well worth consideration in any office where there are dark interiors. Examples of its use in Canadian offices are to be found here and there, particularly where there are alleys between tall buildings.

Again much careful study has been bestowed on the problem of artificial lighting. If too little sunlight has been a defect of many offices in the past, too much artificial light may prove to be their undoing to-day. There are grave dangers in the glare of the electric light, especially where these lights are not arranged scientifically for the benefit of the worker. Office employees need instruction in the proper way to arrange the lights, under

or beside which they work, and if the lights are movable, they should be shown the correct adjustment so that their eyes will not be harmed.

A Canadian office, recently opened, which through force of circumstances could not command much sunlight, has adopted the new idea of installing fixtures which throw the light up on the ceiling instead of down on the floor. The result is a soft and pleasing illumination which floods all parts of the office. There is no glare and the clerks work in comfort and in an even and non-injurious flow of light. This arrangement is interesting in favor and will probably be adopted in many offices. However, manufacturers of fixtures have been paying more and more attention to the lighting problem from the health and efficiency standpoint, and are in a position to offer advice for special cases.

#### VENTILATION ALSO ESSENTIAL.

What has been said about proper lighting arrangements as an essential to good work, is quite as true with everything that has to do with the general health of the worker. Preserve a man's health and you naturally render him a more efficient machine. This is a wider subject than may appear on the face of it and it involves more than one would think. Health is a fickle blessing, dependent not only on the body but on the mind. For this reason it is quite as important as the bottom of it to work on a man's mind as it is to protect his body. It may appear a little extreme to contend for pleasant surroundings for the office staff in order to make them healthy, and yet one cannot escape the truth of it. A clean towel in the washroom is as good a tonic for the mind as it is a safeguard for the body. Polished office desks, standing on polished floors, with all the office equipment clean, fresh and bright has as beneficial an influence on the people who work there as on those who come in to do business.

But there is no need to carry the argument past the essentials. The securing of proper ventilation, cleanliness in lavatories and suitable arrangements for disposing of waste will be recognized as necessary alike for the manager and the office boy. A conviction of the need for

ventilation is a demand for its reform. Because many offices are located in buildings that were built before the days of sanitation and can only be ventilated by the open window, the problem is a serious one. The open windows in zero weather is an impossibility and even it is not a perfect ventilator. Thanks to the progress of science a solution has been found for the difficulty and window ventilators have been invented, which are now to be found in numerous Canadian offices. The remedy is a good one, not only for old buildings but also for such new buildings as have an imperfect system of interior ventilation. Let anyone who hesitates to go to the expense of purchasing a few good window ventilators, study out the question carefully and see if it would not be more economical in the long run to spend the money.

A visitor dropped into the office of a Montreal financier in the dog days of last summer. The financier sat in his shirt sleeves with the perspiration rolling from his face. Outside the private office, the staff were sweltering in the heat. To the visitor, the financier told his woes. He had important work to do, but was incapacitated by the heat and could make no progress. The visitor asked why he did not install a few electric fans. The financier said said it would be an unnecessary expense. After asking him a few questions, the visitor was able to show him that he was actually losing hundreds of dollars by economizing on the cost of a few electric fans. It was so simple that

the financier was paralyzed with astonishment. It seemed incredible that one of his ability could be so dense. And yet the same thing is going on all over Canada. Men are economizing on the wrong things. They overlook entirely the substantial savings in efficiency that are bound to result from an investment in such helpful devices as have been mentioned.

#### BETTER CONDITIONS PREVAIL.

A recognition of an employee's rights in the matter of toilet accommodation is a favorable sign of the times. It is extending into all departments of finance and industry and one will find the big factory providing its army of workpeople with clean and adequate facilities, just as the bank or business office is caring for its staff. The problem is being studied out carefully here also. For instance, advocates of tissue towels are presenting the sanitary claims of an article which can be used once and then destroyed, instead of relying on the indiscriminate use of ordinary towels. Pure drinking water and sanitary drinking devices are finding their way into many offices and are being provided by the management solely for the health of the staff. And steel lockers with individual accommodation for the wraps of each employee are replacing the old-time hooks, bringing all the office equipment into harmony, safeguarding the property of the staff and reducing the fire risk at the same time.



# The Treasure Tree

By

Eleanor Mercein Kelly

A YOUNG man and a dogged mare plodded along in the teeth of the storm, their heads hanging wearily. Rain pelted into their faces like hail, branches lashed out at them viciously, nearby sounded the booming menace of surf on a shore. "May in Virginia—what a welcome!" shivered the man. "Hope the beast knows the road."

A lantern in a nearby field attracted their attention, so that both failed to notice a deep puddle in the road just in front of them. When the young man recovered his shaken wits, he found himself seated in the puddle, quite alone. The mare had plodded doggedly on without him.

"The perfidy of her sex," he murmured, crawling out of the puddle with a philosophic grin. He called aloud to the lantern in the field, but his voice made no impression on the roar of the storm. Wondering what fool had chosen to wander about with a lantern on such a night, he swung himself over a fence and approached. A strange picture met his gaze. A bearded and white-haired man was digging very feebly at the roots of a tree, aided by a decrepit hound that scrambled importantly beside him. The lantern was held by a girl, exquisitely young and slender, who struggled with the wind to keep an umbrella upright over the old man's head. She was pleading with him as the stranger approached.

"That's enough for to-night, dear. You're so tired. You'll be ill. And see how poor Silver is shivering! There's plenty of time."

"Plenty of time?" persisted the old man. "Why, there are only three more nights. And so many trees left! What are you

thinking of? I can't stop. I don't dare."

The girl gave up her struggle with the umbrella, and took the spade out of his hands. "Then let me dig awhile." Her voice was tender as a young mother's.

"Yes, yes, I'm quite strong enough—though not as strong as you are, of course. I always do finish the holes. Don't you remember?"

The old hound suddenly sniffed the air, and bristled. "Beg pardon"—the stranger spoke behind them. "Will you tell me where I am? My horse has deserted, and I—" He stopped with some abruptness. He was gazing into the muzzle of a pistol.

"Another spy?" muttered the old man.

"Look the other way, Rose. I've got to put an end to this."

The stranger heard his own heart beat. "Oh, I wouldn't be hasty, dear," said the girl easily. "Perhaps he isn't a spy, and, any way, would it be hospitable to shoot a man on our own grounds—a dreadful night like this too?"

The pistol wavered. The stranger breathed more evenly. "Perhaps you're right," hesitated the old man. "But if he saw what I was doing— Sir, will you give me your word of honor as a gentleman that you did not see what I was doing?"

The girl behind him made a motion suggesting assent, but the stranger ignored her. "Can't do that," he said, with a faint sneer. "In the first place, I'm not a gentleman, and in the second place, I did see what you were doing. You're a geologist, I suppose, pursuing investigations."

The girl looked at him gratefully.

"Exactly. A geologist?" chuckled the old

man, nudging her. "A geologist, of course. Dear, dear, and here I am keeping a guest standing in the rain. I ask your pardon. . . . Rose, my love, run ahead of us to the house and prepare a julep. Or shall it be a hot toddy? My dear sir"—he made a magnificent gesture—"permit me to offer you the hospitality of Roselands for as long as you care to honor us."

The other gave an impatient shrug. "All I'll trouble you for is the direction of Mrs. O'Rourke's place," he said coldly.

The other's manner changed slightly. "Mrs. O'Rourke's? Ah, indeed! An excellent woman, not at all to blame for her son's treachery. The family has been in our employ for several generations, and I dare say they have prospered. However, Mrs. O'Rourke can hardly compete with Roselands in hospitality, sir. I must insist that you go no farther to-night."

Without a word, the stranger turned on his heel and walked away. After a few steps, something impelled him to look back. The old man was sitting on the ground, with the hound anxiously licking his face and whimpering. He made several futile efforts to rise. The stranger hesitated. The girl was already out of hearing in the storm. With a shrug of impotence, he went back.

"It's these legs again, Rosebud." The old man peered up at him apologetically. "I didn't mean to sit down in the mud. Tell me—was I talking to somebody just now? A— a young man? Or was it just myself again?"

The stranger picked the old man up in his arms, and he settled back against the broad chest with the sigh of a weary child. The old hound curvetted stiffly about, in anxious haste to reach shelter. Moving carefully with his burden, the young man followed the dog. Soon the tall, dark pile of a house loomed before him, light streaming from its open doorway. He hesitated a moment on the wide threshold. "Welcome to Roselands," he whispered to himself, and entered.

The girl ran to them with a cry of fright. "Just needs his toddy," the man told her gruffly. "Better let him get into bed." His eyes followed her with a curious expression as she led the old man away. "Didn't expect him to be so feeble," he said to himself.

When the girl returned, she found the visitor deep in study of a portrait set into the wainscot above the great fireplace. "Who's this?" he demanded.

"Lady Rose Llewellyn, for whom the house was built," she answered.

He went on studying the face, with its pure oval delicacy, the lift of the chin, the languid, smiling eyes with a glint in their depths that hinted at something more than languor. From the portrait, he glanced to the girl. "What a resemblance!" he said under his breath. And then aloud, "Doesn't look as though poverty would agree with her very well. A 'perfect lady,' isn't she? I wonder why anything so useless should look so proud."

The girl flushed a little. "I shouldn't call her altogether useless," she remarked. "For one thing, she presented her husband with thirteen children, and raised them all to maturity."

"Is it for sale?" asked the stranger abruptly.

"The portrait?" Rose Llewellyn raised her eyebrows. "Not any longer. Roselands has been practically sold. The new owner comes in three days to complete negotiations. The portrait goes with the house, of course."

He turned and stared at her. "Goes with the house? What do you mean? Don't you know this Lely is worth a lot of money? The new owner certainly won't consider it part of the house!"

"No!" she said indifferently. "We do however—just like the wainscot or the stair-rail. It's always been here. But that isn't business!"

"Good Lord! But that isn't business!" Llewellyns are not tradespeople," she said, and led him up the wide, echoing stairway to a room that was furnished chiefly by a monumental four-post bed. "Good-night. You were very kind to my uncle," she added. "At night he is not quite—himself. In the morning he will be better able to thank you."

But in the morning she found the guest-room empty. The four-post bed had not been slept in.

"Rosebud," quavered a feeble voice as the girl tiptoed through the hall, "did I get many holes dug last night? I can't remember."

"Four, Uncle," she lied cheerfully.

"Only four? And so little time left! I must hurry, hurry. But I get so tired nowadays. What if I should be too tired to finish 'em in time?"

"Then I'll do it myself. Don't worry, dear! Go to sleep now, and you'll feel as fresh as a boy to-night."

"Will I?" he said wistfully. "Where are you going, Rose—not far away?"

"No, indeed. Never far away. Just down into the garden to read awhile."

He wagged a warning finger at her. "Reading again! Take care of you'll grow up a worthless old dreamer, like the rest of us."

"You a worthless old dreamer? What nonsense!" She hid some letters in her bosom and went in to him. "This is one of your discouraged days, isn't it? Why, Uncle, think of all your wonderful inventions—the baby-washing machine, the folding trunk, the tooth-brush with a comb handle! Worthless, indeed! Why, some day those patents are going to make us rich!"

His pleased smile quivered into a sigh. "If they'd only sell, Rosebud! Somehow, nobody seems to need 'em. I wonder—I wonder if it wouldn't have been better if I'd just stuck to farming!"

"A man of your talents farming! Pooh! Just wait till we get to Washington—there they'll appreciate you. Scientific societies asking you to make speeches, all year old friends crowding to see you. Just you wait!"

"Perhaps"—his voice sounded a little frightened—"perhaps I've been counting too much on my old friends. They might have forgotten me. They might all be dead."

"Then we'll make new ones," said the girl stoutly. "Look at me, dear. Don't you think people are going to notice me?" She preened herself prettily before him, blushing.

But he would not be comforted. "You're not what she was, no, not what she was. My girl Elizabeth—ah, there was a beauty for you! She could have had her choice of fortunes, she could have made us what we used to be. And what did she choose? To defy me, to disgrace me, to drag my name in the dust." His face was working with the tearless grief of age.

The girl took his hands firmly in hers. "Never mind, Cousin Betty now. Look at me! You know I'm a beauty, too; you know I'll make our fortunes yet. Trust me. I won't fail you."

Her touch quieted him. "No, you won't fail me. A city's the place for you, my dear. You've wasted here. Yes! I warned to his theme. 'There'll be mobs of gallants besieging our doors, following you along the street. Artists painting you, poets writing you sonnets, Amors and Vanderbilts at your feet. What, mere millionaires like that? Why, dukes shall hear about the new beauty, and princes—'"

"No, no," laughed the girl. Let's keep to mere millionaires!"

"And presently, when I'm lying out there in the garden with the rest—his face was rigid—"I'll hear children romping around the place again—boys, mind! Whooping through the halls, sliding down the banisters. . . . But how can they?" he said blankly. "Roselands will be gone!"

"No, it won't," she whispered. "We'll find the Treasure Tree—we'll save Roselands for them somehow. We must!" and, kissing his hair, she ran away, pretending to sing.

The old man strained his ear to catch the last vanishing echo of her voice. Then he got to his feet and began a slow progress from room to room, touching everything that he passed, lingeringly, as one touches the hands of dead friends in farewell.

At the foot of the Roselands garden there is a tree that grows almost horizontally out over the water, known to the countryside as the Counting Oak. Along its broad trunk Rose made her way to the farthest branch, too absorbed in her thoughts to notice a solitary fisherman in a boat nearby, all unconscious of lozen eyes that were watching her, nothing the grace of her swaying figure, the wistful loveliness of her face, even the shabbiness of her little patched slippers. She seated herself facing the garden where her ancestors lay, their dust inextricably mingled with the soil they loved. She had a fancy that their spirits lived in the crepe-myrtle, the lilacs, the roses, that blossomed above them. Every shrub, every flower, seemed to her a Llewellyn. The mocking-bird that sang there at his

courting—was a Llewellyn, too, the descendant of a thousand others who had made the garden musical in past summers, the progenitor of a thousand yet to come. "I belong here with the rest," she whispered. "Things can't be going to change, they can't! It's all a dreadful dream."

With a heavy sigh she got out her letters and began to read them very carefully, one by one, studying and comparing them. Several of them contained photographs. Some were typewritten under business heads, some laboriously inscribed on ruled and scented paper, some carelessly scrawled in pencil. Occasionally as she read she flushed and bit her lip, and once she broke into a hysterical little giggle.

Suddenly one splashed just beneath her. She started so violently that some of the letters, uttered from her hands. "Oh, get them—quick, quick!" she cried anxiously.

"I have them all," replied a quiet voice; and she looked down into the eyes of the stranger.

"I've been wondering about you," she said involuntarily. "Why did you go away without telling us good-bye? You're not very polite!"

"I told you I wasn't a gentleman." He glanced at the letters he handed her. "Your correspondence seems to be large and valuable."

"It is," she said demurely. "I wouldn't lose one of these letters for anything in the world. If you only knew what they are!"

"What are they?"

She glanced at him in some surprise. It was a square-jawed face, with keen, shrewd eyes and a rather fine mouth marked by a perceptible sneer. "Are you married?" she asked suddenly.

"No."

"But I'm going to be very soon," he added.

"Then I'm going to confide in you," she said. "I must confide in somebody. Those letters are proposals of marriage!"

"What! All of them?"

"All ten of them. Oh, I'm going off like a hot cake!"

"I should have thought," he commented, "that you were too young and too protected here to know so many men."

"That's just the fun of it!" she cried. "I don't know one of them."

He did not join in her laughter.

"Unfortunately," she added, "none of the applicants so far seems to be quite gentleman, and I was particular about that. See!" She produced a clipping from a New York paper and read it aloud:

FOR SALE.—A young lady, nineteen years old, with beauty, birth, and breeding, well educated, able to sew and cook, though she doesn't like to. Applicant for matrimony must have \$15,000 in ready cash. Write at once, stating age, income, and color of eyes. Only gentlemen need apply. Address R., Hobbs' Wharf, Gloucester County, Va.

"Isn't that clear and practical?" she demanded. "And you insinuated that we Llewellyns were not businesslike!"

"Yes," he admitted quietly; "I mistook you for a lady."

His tone sobered her. "I really don't know why I should," she said, with a lift to the chin. "It explains itself, doesn't it? My uncle means to take me to Washington to make a suitable marriage, and it occurred to me New York might be the better market. That's all. I thought if I could manage it in time to save Roselands, so much the better."

"So you love your uncle well enough to sell yourself for him—ah, that it?" he asked slowly. "Do you think he's worth it?"

"It isn't Uncle at all," she explained, "though I do love him dearly. He's always been so good to me—adopted me, and educated me, and made me his heir, though I am really only the child of a distant cousin. It's Roselands—don't you understand? We Virginians look upon our old places as I suppose princes look upon their principalities. They don't belong to us. They belong to the future, to the past. We hold them in trust for the coming generations. And of course—there must be coming generations. Do you see?"

"I see," he said. "Isn't there any other way you can get the necessary money?"

"There's nothing else left to sell." Her brows knit anxiously. "In spite of all I could do, we've got into debt, somehow. Uncle is always so generous to his friends, and his inventions cost a good deal. His

daughter was expensive, too. Beauties are you know. I suppose you've heard of the famous Elizabeth Llewellyn, haven't you?"

"Yes," he said. "She was the one who disgraced the family—ran away with a criminal, or a lunatic, or something of that sort?"

The girl flushed hotly. "Certainly not! I believe O'Rourke was quite honest and sane. But—I suppose outsiders find it difficult to understand—he was my uncle's overseer. In Virginia there is an insurmountable barrier between a Llewellyn and his overseer."

"It did not seem to be insurmountable," murmured the man. "But you are right. I do not understand. To me, it seems less disgraceful for a woman to marry the man she wants, than for a man—a 'gentleman'—to let a woman sell herself to support him."

She went white to the lips. "You are insolent! Do you suppose my uncle has any idea what I am doing? Naturally, he expects me to make a suitable marriage. The women of my family usually do."

"Look here." The man stood up in the boat to bring his eyes on a level with hers; and she was suddenly aware of a compelling force about him that frightened her. "You think you're doing a noble deed, don't you? Sacrificing yourself for the honor of the house, and all that. Well, you're not. You're doing something low and common, something that's done every day. You're cheating! Have you considered the man's side of it? A fellow who's willing to pay fifteen thousand dollars for a woman—his lips twitched a little—'has a right to expect something more than beauty, birth and breeding.'"

"And cooking and sewing?" she asked in a small voice.

"Yes, and thirteen children to boot," he said brutally. "He has a right to expect something that you can give—not sell, but give. Not all women have it, but you have. Wait!" His voice was stern. "Never offer yourself to a man again, Miss Llewellyn—until you can offer ink, too. Give me those letters."

She obeyed him without question. He tore them into a hundred pieces, and scattered them on the outgoing tide. "Now promise me you will do the same with any

other answers to that — advertisement. Promise?"

She promised faintly.

His face softened a little. "And you needn't be so afraid of poverty. It's not so bad. I know what I'm talking about. Any way, something may turn up in time. You may not have to leave Roselands at all."

"Oh!" she clasped her hands. "You mean the buried treasure? You—you believe in that?"

"Do you?" he asked.

"I—I try not to; but you know the Indians did so piracies burying a chest here years ago. The old slaves used to talk about a Treasure Tree when Uncle was a boy. All his life he's been hunting for it, off and on. His latest scheme is to dig around every tree in Roselands till he finds the right one. Lately he's grown a little childish—imagines that people are spying on us to rob us when we find it. That's why we dig at night. . . . Oh, you're laughing at him!" Her voice broke. "What if it is folly? It comforts him so to dream things! You don't know what the loss of Roselands means to him. You don't know what the homesickness will be."

"Yes, I do," said the other quietly. "You Llewellyns take deep root. Once I watched a woman die of homesickness. The doctor called it another name, but I knew. She used to be there in a hot little city room, talking about the great old house, and the garden with the tennis in it, and the smell of the sea, and the Court-ing Oak where she used to meet her lover—you'd suppose it was Heaven."

At last my father swallowed his pride and wrote to ask if she might go back to get well. She died waiting for the answer. . . . Then I swore, child, that I was to go back some day to that home of my mother's and turn out the man who had turned her out. I worked hard—with my hands, Miss Llewellyn, not like gentlemen work. I saved my money, a dollar at a time. I got hold of some notes, then a mortgage; I put on the screws. . . ."

"Oh!" she interrupted him, her eyes like stars. "You are—"

"The son of O'Rourke," he said.

He had roved quite far away when she

called after him softly, "How glad he will be, how glad!"

"Glad? Who?"

"Why, Uncle—your grandfather! To think that one dream of his will come true, that when we are gone there'll still be Llewellyns at Roselands! Boys whooping through the halls, sliding down the banisters. What if they are called O'Rourke? They'll be Llewellyns. . . . Oh, you must marry soon, soon, won't you? He's so old!"

He gazed at her. Gradually the last remnant of the sneer died out of his face. "I can't," he said. "I'm sorry. I said I'd marry a Llewellyn myself, just to shame you all, just to show you that an O'Rourke was good enough for anybody. I suppose I could do it yet—I've got the fifteen thousand dollars. But"—his voice shook a little—"I was mistaken. An O'Rourke isn't good enough for you. Nobody is."

That night the Roselands garden was aglow in a mist of moonlight. "Isn't it pretty down here?" said the old man wistfully. "It's mighty long since I've been to the Court-ing Oak, mighty long."

"You have," said the girl, "plenty of time."

"With that fellow coming to-morrow? No, no—what are you thinking of? Besides, if I sit down, my legs won't let me get up again. I know 'em," he said cunningly. "They're just watching for a chance to go back on me. But I'll fool 'em! Won't give 'em a chance."

"We're almost done now. This is the last tree. Shall I begin?"

"I'm afraid," he whispered. "The last tree! What if there's nothing here? . . . But I've kept at it, haven't I? Nobody can say I haven't stuck to this! Kept right at it—"

"Old Silver's not afraid to begin," Rose said lightly. "Look at him." The hound was snuffing and scrabbling at the roots of the Court-ing Oak. "Why," exclaimed the girl suddenly, "it looks as though the ground here had been recently disturbed!"

"Spice," muttered the old man. "Ha, the villains! At 'em, Silver. Got 'em, boy."

Thus encouraged, the old hound began to dig in earnest, tossing up the earth gallantly, whining with excitement. Rose,

rather curious, took a pick and helped him. Suddenly it struck wood. "A root, of course," she said. "But a few more strokes laid bare the corner of a wooden box. Frantic with haste, the old man got it open. It was filled with bank-notes and gold pieces."

He sat down suddenly. "Elizabeth," he said in a clear voice, "you won't have to marry a fortune now, daughter. Take young O'Rourke if you want him."

The girl's frightened cry brought a young man running along the beach. "Rose, what's the matter?" he called as he ran. "I'm coming!"

"It's Uncle," she whispered. "He spoke so queerly just now—and look at him!"

The old man had settled limply against a tree, his head fallen forward on his breast. They bent over him anxiously. Then O'Rourke laughed out with relief. "Why, he's asleep, that's all. He's worn out, poor old chap! Don't wake him."

A silence fell between them that was hard to break. The man spoke first, with an attempt at lightness. "I see you found the Treasure Tree."

Yes. Her lips quivered. Brand new money, in a brand new pine scapbox. Oh, how could you think we'd take it?"

"You'll have to," he said. "The old gentleman will never notice anything wrong, and you won't have the heart to tell him. After all, he's my grandfather, not yours."

"And is this your revenge on him?"

He flushed. "No. Somehow you took the taste out of revenge."

"You've given up Roselands?"

He nodded. "Haven't got enough money left to buy it."

"Then," she said, "you're not a very rich man?"

He shook his head ruefully. "Not even that."

"It doesn't matter"—her quivering smile made him catch his breath. "I—I seem to be always offering myself, don't I? But I shan't have to marry a rich man now, because—"

"Rose!" He took a step toward her. "Rose—what do you mean?"

"Because," she finished bravely, "you are going to stay here and take care of Roselands for me—aren't you?"

# Fireplaces

By

John Holt

*"A house without a fireplace is a house without a soul. On the hearth, the family altar, is the origin of all we ever have accomplished. History glows between the bars. The crackling logs gossip of a thousand kindly traditions. In the ingle dwell the benevolent gods of the household with the little chirping cricket as their herald." Such is the plea of the writer of this article for "a corner for the open fireplace." Incidentally, fireplaces, ancient and modern, with all their varying traditions and styles, are treated in a most interesting and fascinating manner.*

GUARDED more carefully even than the round-eyed babies that nodded among the cooking-pots on the pack-animals was the little pot of glowing coals. At the next halting place the urchins of the tribe would gather dry sticks, what time their mothers made a hearth of clay and stones. Anxiously and with due solemnity, the fire-pot was emptied, the coals blown into crackling life, and soon a dozen little cooking fires twinkled about the camping ground.

In the little fire-pot was the soul of the camp. Therein lay cooked meat, cheeriness and comfort. No wonder that it was a sacred object tended by the most trustworthy of the young men. No wonder that the Hearth, abiding place of the worshipful element, was also the tribal altar.

Through the ages an altar it has remained; an altar served with cheerful ceremonial; a thing not to be treated lightly or contemptuously, but to be considered with all the respect due to that without which a home is no home at all.

Stoves and furnaces and hot water pipes are all very well in their way, but—well, there is little that is worshipful about them. There is no nobility about a radiator; a stove is almost as ugly a piece of

furniture as a piano, black-browed and frowning, showing no outward and visible sign of the cheerful fire it imprisons, while a furnace is a merciless taskmaster, keeping its slaves continually on the treadmill of the cellar stairs. Unhappy the household which depends upon them alone. Miserable the lot of those who have not so much as one real hearth round which they can gather, one fireplace at which they can toast their toes.

To some extent the history of the fireplace is the history of the chimney. Till the chimney came the hearth was a plain and simple structure, incapable either of elaboration or of much adornment. Whether in hut or hall, made little difference, except in size. In the hut it was a simple platform of mud and flat stones a few inches high and perhaps two feet square. Over it was a tripod of green poles or a hooked green stick hanging from the roof on which swung the cooking pot. Round it huddled the family; the youngsters fighting with the dogs and the pig for warm positions, the cattle whisking their tails through the smoke in their stalls against the walled walls of the hut.

In the hall there was a larger hearth, and a larger fire and a larger crowd to scuffle for positions near it. The Chamber-



An Example of the Brick Fireplace with Mission Trimmings.

lain, stoutly wielding his rod of office, kept clear the side towards the upper table and suffered none to interpose between the blaze and nobility. At the farther side clustered the retainers according to their degree. Squires and men at arms in an uproarious ring, in the outer darkness scullions and varlets who enjoyed the privilege of glimpsing the blaze through the legs of their betters.

There must have been grumbling among the retainers when the chimney came and the hearth moved from the centre of the hall to the wall. Naturally the fireplace established itself in good company on the dais. My lord and his guests supped with the great chimney as a background, and the men at arms found themselves enjoy-

ing the cold comfort which once they had served to grooms and greasy varlets.

Truly a noble background for medieval pageantry the huge fireplace must have made. There is one in the Grand Hall of the Palace of the Counts of Poitiers, which has a triple hearth, each of them ten feet or more in width and seven feet in height. Above, almost to the roof, rises a noble piece of sculpture with carved columns on either side balancing the structure.

There was little need of the sconced torches on the walls when three great fires were burning on the hearths. What a play of light and shadow there must have been as they roared and blazed! What a kaleidoscopic shift and change of deep tone





Quiet Hearth Along Old Dutch Eden.

and brilliant color in the costumes of the Great Seigneur and his guests as they sat and lounged and moved about before the leaping flames!

There is another of these huge thirty-foot fireplaces at Linlithgow Palace. Verily those were spacious days. The gods of the hearth were honorably housed.

But it is doubtful if the cheery spirit of comfort really likes such ample accommodation. Certainly he seems more ready to do good work in the smaller fireplaces of a less exuberant age. It is when picturing the narrower hearth of a low-ceiled Georgian inn with the firelight flickering on high-backed settles that the mind most associates comfort and the open fire, or a raised grate with double hobbs—the "clear fire and clean hearth" before which the redoubtable Sarah Battle enjoyed "the rigour of the game."

Economy! Economy has ever been the motive of fireplace evolution. Forests dwindled and wood was not to be had for the taking; "sea coal" was a precious commodity and not to be used recklessly. Thus, fireplaces shrank in size and people began to wonder vaguely if something had not better be done about draughts.

Naturally, the first coal grate was a simple conversion of the open hearth for burning wood. An iron basket was placed on the hearth, and in it the coal was burnt. You may see a reversion to the same primitive type—with improvements—in many modern grates, and very handsome and cheerful some of them are, if a trifle wasteful.

Then the fireplace narrowed in towards the basket, and eventually the basket itself became a mere front and bottom grating with the brick work of the fireplace forming its ends and back. The chimney breast meanwhile had been dropping lower and lower till the mantelpiece from being as high as the lintel of a doorway came to be a convenient elbow rest.

Through all its changes the fireplace has managed, as a rule, to preserve its proper character and to remain a dignified and handsome frame for a cheerful fire. There are exceptions, of course. There are cold, intensely classic constructions more like entrances to family vaults than fireplaces, and grim utilitarian frames to grim utilitarian-looking—but utterly useless—early Victorian register stoves. Also there are twirly-whirly Art Nouveau fireplaces as in-



The Old Colonial Style of Fireplace.

appropriate as a pink bow on a lion's tail, and weird creations of rough round boulders like a section of stone fence, to say nothing of thunder and lightning ornaments and the like. But generally speaking, the accepted types of fireplace are good, and science has succeeded in improving things without spoiling their appearance, as she has an unfortunate knack of doing sometimes.

There are modern and efficient fireplaces after every period and style, right back to primitive beginnings. In a big room a man may have one differing little in externals from its great medieval forebears. In a small one he may have Dutch tiles, or Georgian marble, or Jacobean oak—on a small scale—almost anything, in fact, that he fancies. And almost anything is permissible so long as it fits the room, harmonizes with the other decorations, and, above all, expresses something of the personality of the house in which it is placed.

And with good appearance nowadays is allied efficiency. That the open fire has many drawbacks cannot, of course, be concealed. With a thermometer dropping

into the regions below zero the open fire frankly confesses itself beaten. In the Canadian climate the heavy work of heating must ever be borne by the soulless radiator and the hot air register's grim prison grating.

But the open fire begs leave to point out that it is free from certain sins of commission of which it once was guilty—the creation of icy draughts, reckless extravagance of fuel, grossly uneven distribution of heat, dirtiness and so on. In a score of modern grates the various long-standing drawbacks have been reduced practically to nothing. There are slow-combustion grates, sunk fires, raised hearths, "ventilating" grates—the imitators of even the most primitive types have draughts cunningly led to the fire from under the hearth-stone, chimney backs constructed on the model of a dog's hind leg thus reflecting, deflecting and radiating the heat from various scientific angles—in a hundred and one different ways they are coaxed and compelled to send their heat into the room instead of up the chimney. Economy, always economy, but in the last



An Elaborate Fireplace of Carved Wood

few years economy has become more an achievement and less a pious aspiration.

Talking of economy, there are times when the open fire is a great deal more economical than the phantasmal furnace. Those days in the spring and the fall, and even at odd times in the summer, when it is abominably cold without some sort of artificial heat the furnace is altogether too powerful, greedy and efficient a monster to stir into life. Then at least the fire has a chance of being actively useful as well as ornamental and of putting into grateful practice his modern professions of efficiency.

Putting all practicalities aside the æsthetic claims of the fire should be quite sufficient to ensure its recognition. A

house without fireplaces is a poor thing; its rooms are difficult to decorate. A room with a good fireplace is half furnished from the very beginning. The chimney and the mantelpiece provide the necessary decorative centre, the concentration point from which the eye must start and to which it may return.

A fire is a beautiful thing. Even if the fireplace suffered all its erstwhile drawbacks it would be a desirable, a necessary possession. Is there anyone who has lived with an open fire who will honestly confess that he is happy without one? Mistrust any man who professes to do so.

What is twilight without the shadow-play of flames upon the ceiling? What is a reverie without the faces, crowds and

castles, the pageants and dreamy some-glowing and changing in the coals? What is a gathering of friends without the cheerful crackle of the fire as an accompaniment to conversation? Why, without a fire you cannot even prove the depth of your friendship for a man by allowing him to stir it, nor test the good feeling and good breeding of a stranger by seeing whether he presumes to stir it uninvited.

A house without a fireplace is a house without a soul—no better than a tent. The family it houses are bound speedily to quarrel, scatter and come to naught, since they have been deprived of that central gathering place watched over by the household gods, lacking which no family can hope to survive. Deprived of the cheery influence of fires in their childhood the members of a hearthless family will be-

come soured, misanthropic men and women. Rogues and sturdy vagabonds were "hearthless men."

We cannot do without the furnace. The steam pipes which twine snakelike through the house are requisite and necessary for our comfort from October till May; the cold of a long winter can be fought only with scientific weapons. But let us also keep a corner for the open fire. To Ung, the cave-man, his fire a sign of his manhood, a reminder that he alone upon earth could aspire to power over the elements. We should preserve the tradition. On the hearth is the origin of all that we ever have accomplished. History glows between the bars. The crackling log gossip of a thousand kindly traditions. In the ingle dwell the benevolent gods of the household with the little chirping cricket as their herald.

## CANADIAN CARELESSNESS AGAIN

Those who read the article on "Canadian Carelessness" in the January number of this magazine will be interested in a further comparison which is now possible since the figures for 1911 have been issued. As we predicted, the conditions as regards fatalities and accidents resulting from carelessness are growing worse rather than better. The "fatality" figures in Toronto, for instance, not including the scores of serious or minor accidents, are as follows for the past three years:—

- 1909—Killed by vehicles, 3; by trains, 3; by trolley cars, 8; total, 14.  
 1910—Killed by vehicles, 8; by trains, 10; by trolley cars, 13; total, 31.  
 1911—Killed by vehicles, 8; by trains, 10; by trolley cars, 10; total, 46.

Under these circumstances the charge in the article that Canadians are lacking in discipline and are failing to instil in the minds of the young the importance of self-control, respect for law and obedience to authority, would seem to have been well founded.

## Sharing Up Profits With the Workers

By

W. A. Craick

*Profit sharing is a product of the new times, the herald of a new age. It works a new era of unity and co-operation between employer and employee. As yet it is not generally practiced in Canada, but it has long since passed the theoretical stage and will soon be accepted as one of the guiding principles in all big business concerns. In the meantime something of interest concerning the profit sharing scheme itself and the movement and motives behind it will be acceptable.*

THE profit-sharing idea has not made much progress in Canada as yet. For this at least two reasons may be advanced. In the first place, the country has not reached the point industrially where employers can spare much time from the work of organization and development to devote their thoughts to plans for the betterment of the workman. And in the second place there is not yet that keen competition of interests which has made it so necessary in other countries to secure the loyal support of the most skilled and efficient artisans. Possibly, too, an ignorance in some quarters of what profit sharing in its most successful forms really is, how it may be operated, and its value in obtaining continuous and competent service, may have something to do with the tardy development of the conception. On the other hand, it is hardly likely that the various objections which have been raised by opponents of the idea have had any important bearing on the situation in Canada, since, for one firm which has rejected profit sharing, there must be a hundred which have given it no consideration whatever.

### THE UNDERLYING MOTIVES.

There have been various basic motives which have actuated employers in adopting the profit sharing idea and these motives are to be found influencing such Canadian firms as have schemes in force just as much as those in the United States and on the continent. There is the altogether philanthropic motive, which sees in the system only a just recognition of the employer's duty to the employee. There is again the self-interest motive, which realizes that to get the best service from a workman he should be given some stake in the product of his labor. And there is the motive which combines a little of each element and which, on that account, is probably the most effective of them all.

In the modern development of business and industry, with their myriad systems and inventions, the importance of the human element, instead of being diminished, is actually increased. Nothing can take the place of human incentive to achieve results. To make an enterprise the greatest success possible, every human

being connected with it must be working at the highest pitch of his ability. The point which must always concern an employer of labor is how to get the best that is in him from each individual. A few workmen of the conscientious, loyal and honest sort, may be expected to give consistently good service in spite of everything, but it will be found that with the great majority there is a percentage of possible effort lost because the man or woman is only working half-heartedly. In short there is a vast difference between the work that a human being performs in a perfunctory, machine-like manner, and the work he does with a keen, loyal interest in what he is about. As a solution of this problem, the claims of profit sharing have been advanced by numerous advocates, who point to various examples of its application to show that it does give the necessary incentive to induce men and women to work more earnestly and efficiently.

Generally speaking there are two forms which profit sharing has assumed in Canada, based on ideas already worked out in the United States and Europe. There is profit sharing pure and simple which takes a proportion of each year's profits and assigns a share to each employee or to such a list of employees as qualify under the plan. This idea is more often to be found in the case of mercantile establishments, financial institutions and banks but is also to be noticed in some industries. And in the second place there is the more advanced plan of enabling employees to participate in the profits by furnishing them with favorable opportunities of becoming actual shareholders in the enterprise. This latter plan, carried to a remarkable development in the case of several important American industries, is gaining ground in Canada and has already been adopted by a few companies. A combination of the two plans has been attempted by some firms, who for special reasons may not desire to give all employees opportunities to hold stock but may yet wish to have them participate in the profits. In all plans in force there are necessary modifications to suit the needs of the various businesses. For instance, one firm may not permit an employee who holds stock to retain it after he leaves their employ, while another

may make no such stipulation. One may pay out the profits in cash and another by certificate. All these differences will come to light as the various plans are described in detail.

### PROFIT SHARING IN CANADA.

While it would be a difficult undertaking and one involving the expenditure of much time and study to compile a complete list of all the firms in Canada which have in force profit sharing schemes of one sort or another, yet it is possible to quote several outstanding examples in order to show what is being accomplished in this direction. As compared with the United States progress has been slow, but opportunities for development work have been fewer. The fact that quite a number of firms have plans under consideration, which they purpose putting into force in the near future, is sufficient to prove that the question is becoming one of increasing importance.

One of the first of the purely Canadian firms to devise a profit sharing plan in Canada was the William Davies Company of Toronto. About twenty-five years ago the management decided to set aside annually a portion of the profits to be divided among all employees of a certain standing. The original arrangement was to give to each a certificate redeemable in cash after a number of years, the idea being to retain the interest and services of employees as long as possible. It was soon found, however, that these certificates were more bother than they were worth, as employees were constantly finding pretexts for coming to the firm to have them cashed. The plan was accordingly changed and the arrangement now in force was adopted. A distribution of a proportion of the profits, as determined by the directors of the company, is made annually to all employees of two years standing and upwards, the amount paid to each being based on the wage or salary earned. The money is not handed out in cash but is placed to the credit of the beneficiary in the bank, in the hope that the men will be induced to save and thereby provide against a rainy day. Such employees as have been in the service of the company less than two years, but over twelve months, may be given a share of the profits at the discretion of

the management and in certain cases the directors reserve the right to increase or diminish the amount distributed according to the merits of the recipients.

W. J. Gage & Company, manufacturing and wholesale stationers, Toronto, started a profit sharing plan a few years ago, which they have found most effective in securing and retaining the sympathetic interest of many workers in their employ. The staff was divided into two parts, heads of departments and employees. A block of the capital stock of the company was transferred to the president, who in turn allotted to each of the heads of departments a certain amount of stock varying with the experience and length of service of the beneficiary. The transfer was made under an agreement between the president and each individual concerned, by which the first charge on the dividend declared on the stock is that of reasonable interest on the portion of the stock remaining unpaid. The balance of the dividend after paying this interest is then applied to the purchase of the stock together with such further sums as the beneficiary may desire to apply. If in any year no dividend is declared by the company, it is agreed that no interest shall be charged and if, in any year, the dividend falls below the fixed rate for interest, the dividend shall be regarded as paying the interest in full. The agreements are for a term of years at the end of which time the entire stock, or such as has been fully paid for, becomes the property of the beneficiary. Should the beneficiary die or leave the service of the company, it is the president's privilege to buy back the stock, paying for it the full amount paid in by the beneficiary.

In the cases of employees who are not provided for by the above arrangement, it has been the custom of the firm for a number of years to distribute a percentage of the profits earned among those who have been continually in their employ for at least twelve months. This distribution is based on the wage or salary of each employee.

A somewhat similar scheme, so far as it concerns the division of stock among certain selected employees, has been adopted by the Canadian Fairbanks Company of Montreal. This company picked

a number of the men in their employ, whose interest they were specially anxious to retain, and offered them a block of stock on particularly favorable terms. Ninety per cent. of the men to whom the stock was offered took it up and became thereby directly interested in the welfare and progress of the company. The Fairbanks stock is not a listed security so that its value is determined annually by accountants. When a stock-holding employee dies or leaves the company, his shares are bought back at a valuation based on the preceding annual statement.

But it is as a subsidiary portion of a larger plan in force in the United States that the most significant example of profit sharing is to be found in Canada. The Canadian plant of the International Harvester Company at Hamilton shares with the American plants in a scheme, the excellence of which has been widely recognized. The Harvester Company divides its plan into two parts—an immediate distribution in cash each year and an occasional offering of stock on favorable terms to its employees.

The cash distribution is made annually from a sum of money set aside by the company out of its earnings, the size depending on the amount of the profits. The distribution of the sales department's share in this sum is based upon two important points—first, increase of sales; second, reduction of selling expense. The distribution of the work department's share depends on increased production, decreased cost or a combination of both. Employees in any branch of the company's service, showing marked ability during the year, are entitled to receive recognition under this plan.

The stock distribution is arranged on the purchase plan, employees being afforded an opportunity to subscribe to and purchase stock in installments. In order to treat all alike, no employee is allowed to subscribe for more stock than he can pay for by using twenty-five per cent. of his salary in any one year. The stock is issued to the men at a price below the market price and on deferred payments a charge of five per cent. is levied. Dividends, however, are paid at once and in addition there is a bonus system which works to the advantage of those who remain in the employ of the company for

five years. This bonus consists of a credit of four dollars a year for five years on each share of preferred stock taken up and of three dollars a year on each share of common. Should an employee leave in the meantime, he ceases to receive this bonus and the amount, which would otherwise be placed to his credit, goes in to a general fund, which is divided up at the end of five years among those who have adhered to the plan. The idea, of course, is to give those employees who stand by the company, an advantage over those who desert its service. The plan of the International Harvester Company, which is similar to that in force in many American industrial concerns, has been well supported by the workmen and several thousands of them are to-day stockholders in the company.

Turning now from industrial to mercantile establishments, the plan adopted by Lariviere Incorporated, Montreal, a wholesale hardware firm, merits attention. The president of the company, Mr. F. C. Lariviere, has been a close student of profit sharing for many years and is a firm believer in its justice and efficacy. His firm have established what they designate, "The Savings Counting House of the Staff." Any employee who desires to do so, may deposit his savings with the company, receiving six per cent. per annum on his money. When he has one hundred dollars to his credit, he is entitled to participate in the company's profit sharing system, receiving each year his proportionate share of the profits on the same basis as the capital stock. If he so desires, he can, on making application and receiving the approbation of the management, have his money applied to the purchase of stock in the company plan, before his right to share in the and, when he becomes a shareholder, he is accorded all the rights of regular shareholders. This plan possesses commendable features. For one thing it compels a man to acquire a stake in the company; it is recognized and for another, it gives everyone a chance to participate, dependent on their ability to save.

In the case of the firm's salesmen, Lariviere Incorporated have a supplementary system of profit sharing in force, which would appear to increase the efficiency of the sales' staff. From the gross

profits of each salesman is deducted the total cost of doing business. This includes the salaries of help, office and managing staff, interest on capital, bad debts, donations, depreciation on stock, rent and other general expenses, and such difference as may be found between the results of cost and selling as figured in the firm's books and the results of the year's business as established by the inventory. It does not include the salaries of the selling staff. Of the net profits thus determined, the salesman is entitled to from 33 1-3 per cent. to 50 per cent.

The general plan of Lariviere Incorporated is also to be found in operation in the departmental store of Stanley Mills & Company of Hamilton. This company, in 1908, set apart one thousand shares of stock, which was offered to employees for purchase. At first the number of shares taken by the employees was small, but the following year an Employees' Savings Department was started, where sums of 10 cents per week and upward were received and interest at six per cent. per annum was allowed. As soon as the balance to anyone's credit reached \$25, no further deposits were received, but that person had the privilege of exchanging the money for one share of preferred stock of the company bearing eight per cent. interest. Then, saving might be resumed until a second \$25 was secured. In this way some of the employees of the company have secured quite a large holding of stock and recently two or three of the largest stockholders among them were placed on the directorate. Altogether forty per cent. of the employees of Stanley Mills & Company own stock in the company and the management regard the plan as highly successful.

Another plan is that of the W. F. Hildebrand Company, of St. John, New Brunswick, wholesale grocers, which they have had in force for the past twenty years. The warehouse employees get the usual wages of the city, ranging from \$7 to \$11 a week according to the kind of work. Traveling salesmen receive from \$100 to \$120 per month. At the end of the year, all the employees are given a percentage on the net profits for the year, pro rata to the wages they receive. For example if the firm divides \$20,000, then all those who are earning

in the neighborhood of \$500 a year would get about  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; those who are earning about \$1,000 would get 1 per cent. and those earning \$1,500 or \$1,800 would get about 2 per cent.

Most of the employees leave this money in the business on interest. In fact it is the understood agreement that they will do this, unless they have to withdraw it for some special purpose, such as an investment in land, the payment of an insurance premium, or when they are leaving the employ of the company. In emergencies the fund comes in useful, as when a tenant lost his horse and was immediately able to buy a new one by drawing out the money he had on deposit in the business. In this way profit sharing is combined in a sense with insurance and the company gets a good name for kindly treatment of its employees.

Another retail establishment which recently started a species of profit sharing plan is Smallman & Ingram of London, Ontario. On the incorporation of the business two years ago, a selected list of the older employees of the company were given an opportunity to subscribe for small amounts of stock, which they were enabled to pay for on easy terms. It was also arranged that they could secure further allotments of stock by using the dividends on the shares already purchased for the purpose. The management have found that by having a number of their employees with a financial interest in the company, a much stronger interest in the successful conduct of the business was secured.

It is scarcely necessary to add that there are in force in Canada numerous bonus schemes which partake in a sense of the general idea of profit sharing. Many retail stores make such allowances to their salespeople; wholesale houses do it for their travellers and the banks make a practice of supplementing the salaries of their clerks by the same means. Strictly speaking these schemes are not what should be called profit sharing plans.

#### PLANS IN UNITED STATES.

In conclusion it may not be out of place to refer briefly to a few of the plans in force in the United States, some features of which are different from anything noted in Canada. The N. O. Nelson Mfg. Co. of St. Louis, began in 1886

to divide the net profits of the business, less 7 per cent. interest on actual capital invested, in equal proportions between the wage earners and the stockholders, giving to each employee his proportion according to the amount of wages paid him for the year. In 1889, however, it was deemed wiser to adopt a plan whereby, instead of paying employees their share in cash, they would be paid in stock. All employees became thereby involuntary shareholders. On their stock they now receive six per cent., while on their wages they receive their proportion of the net profits in the shape of new stock or interest-bearing credits for fractional amounts under \$50. In this way more than one-half of the capital stock of the company has become the property of employees and customers, for in 1900 the latter were also taken into partnership.

The John B. Stetson Co., Philadelphia, employs and customers, for in 1905 the distributed stock in much the same way as the Nelson Co., but they made this exception. The stock was not transferred to the beneficiaries until the expiration of fifteen years, being held in the meantime by five trustees. The object of this provision was to prevent an employee from disposing of his stock and to ensure him a steady income so long as he was in the company's employ. As it worked out, it took about six years for the dividends, less the interest charges, to amount to the par value of the stock.

The Simmons Hardware Co. of St. Louis adopted the plan of selling to their salesmen stock on credit, taking the stock as collateral security for their notes. By a system of profit sharing, the notes were paid in a reasonably short time and the stock became the absolute property of the employees.

The Keystone Driller Co., of Beaver Falls, Pa., has their system on a combined savings bank and profit sharing plan, on which they pay interest at six per cent. per annum. At the expiry of six months, the money on deposit becomes profit sharing if the depositor so desires, participating on an exact equality with any other capital invested in the company and being represented by a profit sharing certificate. The certificate may be exchanged for regular corporation stock later on.

## The Telephone: Past and Future

THE article in MacLean's Magazine for January on "The Idea Behind the Telephone," by Mr. Roy Fry, editor of the magazine, created considerable interest among readers familiar with telephony, its history and possibilities.

From Chicago one of the officials of the Holzer-Cabot Electric Company writes appreciatively of the article, enclosing a clipping from "Popular Mechanics," which, while it accepts Alexander Graham Bell as the inventor of the telephone in 1876, declares that records show that the same idea was being worked upon by other men prior to that date. Among them was Philip Reis, who was busily engaged in trying to solve this problem in 1861. The receiver which he designed was especially gruesome, being in the form of a human ear, while his mouthpiece had an end covered with gold-beater's skin. Reis, however, failed in his experiments.

In the article, too, mention was made of Dr. Bell's prediction that wireless telephones were a possibility of the future. In this connection interesting experiments are now being made. It is too soon to foresee the outcome, says a writer in London "Knowledge," but the success of the past few weeks seems to have put the science definitely out of the scope of mere speculation. Two English students on the subject have been independently trying to perfect apparatus. One, Mr. H. G. Matthews, claims to have spoken over a distance of five and a half miles without wires, and it is said that at Cardiff recently he communicated with a friend who flew some seven hundred feet above him. The other experimenter is Mr. A. W. Sharman, who has been carrying out tests near Ramsgate.

"There is good evidence that he has talked with ease across both land and water, and even through thirty or forty feet of solid chalk cliff. The importance of these successes does not lie simply in the dispensing with wires. It depends on how far that can be done with an apparatus reasonably economical in size and cost and in the amount of electricity it consumes. Mr. Sharman claims that his device is readily portable (it weighs about six pounds) and will cost completely only some hundred dollars. Thanks, moreover, to an 'impulse coil,' which is the main secret of the invention, the comparatively small amount of current needed is magnified into shocks powerful enough to find a response at a distant station. If the invention is all that it claims to be it will be of the greatest value in a number of obvious cases. Its size will make it much more useful, because less vulnerable, than wireless telegraphy as a means of communication for ships, and it should be of vital help where a party of miners are entombed by a colliery disaster."

The main obstacle in the way of transmitting sound without wires, concluded this authority, is the very great amount of current needed. Marconi met this difficulty in the case of telegraphic messages by a device which intensified the faint airborne waves of his system. To register sound waves a very much greater intensification is needed. If Mr. Sharman's "impulse coil" effects this, whether or not it makes possible the "conversations between continent and continent," which his enthusiastic supporters already predict for it, it will certainly contribute materially to our safety as well as to our ease of intercourse.

# SMOKING ROOM STORIES

## TAKEN UNAWARES.

"Bates," said Brother Dickey, "come in! a room, this?" "Bates," said you in, "ditto!" said Brother Williams, "have I never kissed be with a-some?" "Well be had me!"

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## A GREAT TRANSITION.

In a prayer-meeting an exhibitor arose to speak, and began his remarks thus: "As I was sitting on a thought, a saint passed through my mind."

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## DERIVATIONS UP TO DATE.

A London Journal, alluding to some recent scandalous papers which were sent it from a quarter where hunting is not to be suspected, says, one of the divinity students was a slight downy hair in reply to the question, "What is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?" "An optimist looks after your eyes, and a pessimist after your feet," was his late, perverted derivation.

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## ENOUGH AND TO SPARE.

A former Duke of Hamilton once asked one of his relations to stop at home with him. The visitor was not often in the way at dining with the duke. They were visited on at table by a servant in livery, who anticipated all their wishes. The guests could stand this no longer and took the servant to task in these words: "What are you doing, dancing, dancing about the room here? Can you draw in your chair, and sit down? I'm sure there's enough on the table for three!"

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## BOOTS ON HIM.

A man was charged with stealing \$370. The lawyer, after a long talk, succeeded in securing him anything. After the verdict the lawyer told the man that he ought to have some pay for his hard work. "Where you got my money, sir?" replied the lawyer. "I've still got that \$370," said the man.

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## COULDN'T SCARE CROWD.

Reverend Solomon, of Virginia, with a good story on himself about the first political speech he ever made. He says: "I jumped to bed before I knew it. Herodotus told me to which side he went. I joined the man with the red shirt. Herodotus told me I belonged to a gale, of a whole army that was put to flight by the blowing of an sun. Then the crowd applauded, and I felt like 'em. Then the mayor's voice rose above the din. 'Young fellow!' he called, 'you won't be afraid of this crowd. It's been tested!'"

## A STOCK MARKET TIP.

"Algernon is very interesting," said the stock-broker's daughter. "What does he talk about?" "Inquired her father. "Why, he's over so well posted in Shakespearean questions." "Young woman," said the daughter sternly, "don't put me like some sort of your ignorance. There ain't no such stock on the market?"

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## SAME RESULT ALWAYS.

There was a protesting attorney whose methods were dramatic and entirely successful. Upon retirement from office he was at once charged with those charged with crime. The first two cases which he defended resulted in convictions, much to his chagrin. As old negro, who had watched his proceedings in admiring wonder and looked on with equal wonder when he conducted the defense, recounted him just after his defeat, and said, "Marse Esprit, you shur' is a wonder. No matter which side you're on, they go to the jail just the same."

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## A DEADLY STORY.

Mr. Blaine's good house was imperishable. A renowned Western politician met him one day on the steps of the Capitol with: "Mr. Blaine, I saw a stranger to you. But I like the theory to tell you that you are a fool and a scoundrel!" "Really?" said Blaine, lifting his eyebrows. "Now, I would like you would have said if you had been my intimate friend?"

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## GO TO THUNDER.

Blanchard was a boatman who unexpectedly came into a small house. Quitting the service, he bought a snug little cottage miles away from any water. When he was comfortably settled, he employed a boy to come to his door every morning at half-past six, knock, and say, "Please, sir, the commander wishes you." "When you see standing the new iron boatman and the boy of staying out as his loudest voice, "Tell the commander to go to thunder!"

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## BRECKNER'S BAIT STORY.

Harold Corwell was once detailed by Honore Greeley to interview Henry Ward Beecher to find out what story had given him the best result. There is the story: "A man called upon a neighbor to go and tell him that a friend who had been arrested under the influence of liquor, and looked up: 'Please go and tell him that we are the best of friends.' This seems to be a case of pumping out, but being out," was the neighbor's answer. For twenty-five years, up to the time of Corwell's interview with him, Beecher had been laughing over this joke.

# The Grand Trunk System

Inseparably associated with the early history of the Dominion and the primal factor in her subsequent progress and development is the Grand Trunk Railway System, which is indeed her pioneer railway and stands prominently to the fore among the pioneer railways of America, having been incorporated in 1852, and in the period of years since then has acquired, by lease, amalgamation, and purchase the many consistent companies which now form the present large system of over 7,000 miles.

Being situated in the most thickly settled and productive portions of the Dominion, i. e., the eastern part with ramifications by its branch lines and feeders into all the well-populated and industrial centres, it occupies a splendid position that appeals to the sightseer and traveler. The System as now composed commences at the eastern terminus of the main lines at the city of Quebec, on the St. Lawrence River; at Portland, Maine, on the Atlantic Ocean; and at Roules Point, on Lake Champlain, and extends from the first named point along the south shore of the St. Lawrence River to Richmond, in the Province of Quebec, where is formed the junction with the line from Portland, thence running westerly, being joined at St. Lambert by the main line from Roules Point, and crossing the St. Lawrence River at Montreal over the world-famed Victoria Jubilee Bridge.

From Montreal the line continues westerly through the thickly settled country along the north shore of the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario to Toronto, the Queen City; from thence, with diverging line to the south and west the fertile Niagara Peninsula to Niagara Falls and Buffalo, to Windsor and Detroit, and to Sarnia and Port Huron, and northerly

from Toronto to the ports of Goderich, Kincardine and Southampton, on Lake Huron and Wiarton, Owen Sound, Meaford, Collingwood, Penetang, Midland and Depot Harbor, on Georgian Bay, and through the now famous "Highlands of Ontario," to North Bay. A glance at the railway map of Canada, and particularly to the Province of Ontario, which is the garden of the Dominion, will show how thoroughly and completely the pioneer railway has its countless feeders established in positions of advantage, including five main lines from east to west, 650 miles of which is double main track, and it is the only double-track railway in Canada reaching the principal centres.

The commercial importance of the system has been raised to the pinnacle of success during the last few years.

The double-tracking of the line from Chicago to Niagara Falls and Montreal, the electrification of the St. Clair tunnel, the construction of an additional terminal office building in Montreal, the second in a single decade, made necessary by the expansion of the Company's business. New bridges, new stations, including a magnificent station at Ottawa, are among the millions of dollars' worth of betterment builded by the present management.

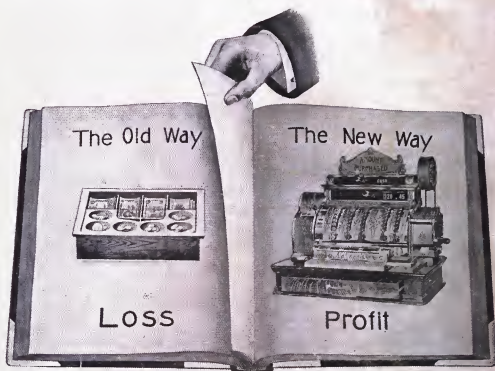
The Grand Trunk is now the longest continuous double-track line in the world under one management.

The weight of steel on the main line was long ago changed from 60 pounds to the yard to 70, then to 80, which is now replaced by 100 pound steel.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will soon be a factor in the carrying of travel and trade from ocean to ocean. They are now operating trains from Westport, at the head of Lake Superior, to the foot-



# Turn Over a New Leaf



## A Poor Business System

Results in loss because of:

- Mistakes,
- No check on the clerks,
- No credit to the clerk for good work,
- Arguments with dissatisfied customers,
- Clerks forgetting to charge goods sold on credit,
- Temptation of employees through unprotected cash drawer.

## The National Cash Register System

Results in profit because it:

- Removes Temptation,
- Makes pleased customers,
- Means accuracy in all dealings,
- Promotes harmony between proprietor and clerks,
- Prevents failure to charge goods sold on credit,
- Gives a record of every transaction in the store where money is involved.
- Promotes enterprise amongst the Clerks (shows what each clerk sells).

A modern National Cash Register turns Losses into Profits.  
Ask for particulars about the new "Get a Receipt" plan.

## The National Cash Register Company

285 Yonge Street, Toronto  
Offices in all principal cities

Canadian Factory, Toronto  
F. E. Mutton, Manager for Canada